NEWSAGENTS. Next week's issue is the Whitsun Number, **Price 1d.** It will be published ONE DAY EARLIER than usual, that is, on Wednesday instead of Thursday, and will contain the opening chapters of a new serial entitled, "THE HOUSE OF THE STRANGER." With this number a special coloured picture poster will be issued.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1089.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING JUNE 1, 1911. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DUNVILLE'S V R WHISKY

Insist on seeing "BOTTLED BY DUNVILLE & Co. Ltd.," on the Capsule and Back Label.

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LETS THE HAIR GROW.

THAT'S the secret of its marvellous success. It **lets** the hair grow. No forcing, tugging, rending, or other scalp gymnastics need be performed with "**Vaseline**" **Hair Tonic**. It **lets** the hair grow by removing all obstructions, by killing all harmful germ life. It penetrates the scalp, and gets right down to the roots of the choked-up follicles, and frees the tender hair, so that it can fight through.

"**Vaseline**" **Hair Tonic** is unlike any other preparation offered for the hair. It is a real hair fertiliser, and is to the hair what sunlight is to plant life. It is both a skin and hair food.

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FREE.—*A descriptive pamphlet, explaining the uses of all the "Vaseline" Preparations, will be sent post free on application.*

The Word "VASELINE" is the Registered Trade Mark of the

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., 42 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

A TREAT FOR 2 COPPERS

—and "Park Drives" really *are* a treat. You'll say so, long before you're through with your first packet. Considering their splendid flavour, their fine sun-dried Virginia, their first-rate manufacture, their wonderful coolness and their guaranteed purity, it's not surprising that smokers are buying "Park Drives" in millions.

PARK DRIVE

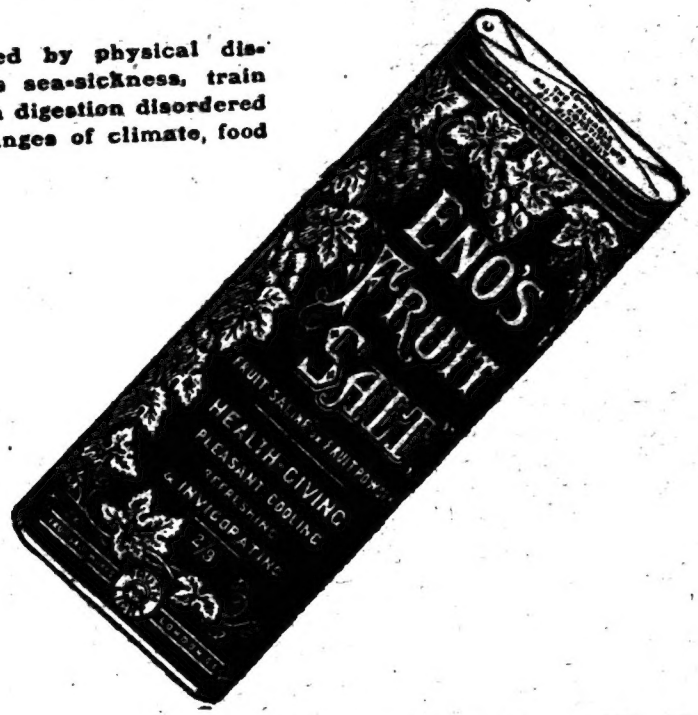
10 CIGARETTES 2D.

Why don't you "spring" a modest tuppence and see how "Park Drives" appeal to you? "Park Drives" may mean a big saving in your smoke bill.

Made by Gallaher Ltd., the Independent Firm, Belfast and London.

The Pleasure of the Trip

is often marred by physical disorders such as sea-sickness, train dizziness, and a digestion disordered by sudden changes of climate, food or water.



ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

should be included in every travelling bag. It is the most effectual corrective you can take with you. It has a reputation of over 35 years' use as an unfailing relief for all functional derangements of the liver and digestive organs.

Gentle and natural in its action, it never causes griping or weakening effects, and is pleasant and easy to take.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Limited, London, S.E.

Make your own Cigarette

It is twice as good

3A CIGARET PAPE

BEST and PURE

LARGEST SALE IN GBR

"Analysis **PROVES**

PLASMO CUSTAR

contains **50 TIMES** proteid nourishment than Custard Powder.

Ordinary Custard Powder
PLASMON " " 21·3

NO EGGS REQUIRE

A 4d. packet makes 4 p

CUSTARD IN PERFECT

PLASMON is used by the ROYA

"The Cocoa You Never Tire Of!"

PURE CONCENTRATED

Fry's Cocoa

Drink it at every meal—between meals—at bedtime—and you will gain in healthy flesh, cleaner blood, stronger nerves, added energy and vim.

THE BEVERAGE OF VIGOUR AND ENJOYMENT

HOVIS STILL THE BEST BREAD

The Lancet says: "Its food value is double that of bread made from ordinary Wheat flour."

WHITSUN NUMBER

Out One Day Earlier — Next Week. —

One Penny as Usual.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1089. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 1, 1911. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

CURED BY SIXTEEN MEALS A DAY.

THE new fasting cure has had a sequel, a "Society of Hearty Eaters" having been formed whose aim it is to ward off all the ills that flesh is heir to by eating plenty and often.

The founder and president of this curious organisation is named Thomas F. Curby. Formerly a confirmed dyspeptic, he claims to have cured himself of that distressing complaint by eating large quantities of whatever kind of food he finds best agrees with him. His ordinary Sunday dinner, for instance, consists of thirteen lobsters, sixty eggs, and one hundred oysters; and he eats the latter all the year round, no matter whether they are in season or out.

Another member of the club, a lady, eats sixteen meals every day, four breakfasts, four dinners, four teas, and four suppers. While yet a third takes a light collation at the beginning of every hour while he is awake, finishing up with a twelve-course supper the last thing at night.

Recently the S.O.H.E. gave a "health dinner" of one hundred courses. Afterwards they indulged in a twelve-mile walk, followed by supper.

Although the "cure" is claimed as a new one, however, there is, it may be remarked, really nothing particularly novel about the idea. Forty years ago doctors were advocating a similar system in cases of consumption, and in Germany to-day there are several institutions where patients suffering from various forms of wasting diseases are fattened artificially, like poultry.

"Jinks would have spent his fortune on himself in a year if it hadn't been for his wife."

"How did she stop him?"

"Spent it on herself."

WHEN CRICKET WAS A CRIME.

CRICKET enthusiasts are not generally aware that down to the year 1748 the summer game was illegal in England.

As the law was then, any person who allowed it to be played on his land was liable to a fine of twenty pounds and three years' imprisonment!

The players themselves got off lightly with a ten pound fine and a couple of years at the Government's expense. The bats, stumps, and ball, or "implements," as they were quaintly called, were ordered to be burnt.

This law was passed in the time of Edward IV., the reason being that the game was becoming so popular that it interfered with the archery practice of England's fighting backbone. But even under this law the counties managed to play their first match. This was between Kent and Sussex in 1735. Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire seem to have been the leaders in cricket from very early times.

Kent, indeed, is said to have beaten an All-England Eleven as early as 1711, though no record exists before 1735 of a strictly inter-county match.

In the early days heavy bets used to be laid upon the result of a match. So great did this gambling on matches become that an effort was made to put it down in 1748, but without success.

Till 1775 only two stumps were used, and cricketing "togs" were not the cool, comfortable things that they are to-day. Tall beaver hats, either black or white, were worn.

Fancy Jessop running up a century in a rather loose-fitting beaver hat!

Even as late as 1882 this custom was to be seen. In that year a match between a team chosen by the Nottingham Town Clerk and one chosen by Sir J. Oldknow was played.

All the players wore tall hats and white waistcoats! Certainly the match attracted more attention than some of the stone-walling teams of the present day in their conventional flannel garb!

TURN YOUR HA'PENNIES INTO POUNDS.

TELE-QUIDS!

£100 IN PRIZES GUARANTEED.

THE NEW COMPETITION SIMPLE, EASY, PROFITABLE.

THIS week we give another of our tele-quids contests, which must strike you as being the best thing you have come across for some years.

It's so simple.

Most of you have at some time or other been faced with a problem that had to be solved by sending a telegram.

In this contest we tell you a story (in black type opposite), in which the hero has to send a telegram, and we invite you to suggest the wording for the telegram, which we call a "tele-quid," and write it on the printed tele-quids form below.

Of course, you don't really send the tele-quid through the Post Office, but you fill it up and post it to us in an envelope addressed to the Editor.

With the tele-quids form you must send the price of the tele-quid at the rate of a halfpenny a word. You can send one word with one halfpenny stamp, or six words with threepence in stamps, or as many as twenty-four words, but no more, just as you like, but for each word you must send a halfpenny.

You may send the money for the tele-quid either in stamps or by postal order. **If you inclose stamps, do not affix them to the entry form, but send them loose.**

So far so good.

The judges will then select what they consider to be the cleverest and most original tele-quid message, and the sender will receive half the total amount of money received.

The remaining half will be paid to the senders of the next best tele-quids at the rate of £1 a word.

That is to say, if you send in a tele-quid of five words, accompanied by 2½d., and that tele-quid is selected as one of the next best, you will get £5—a pound a word. If you send in twenty-four words (accompanied by 1s.) you will, if you win, get £24.

All the money received will thus be distributed amongst the winners. **We guarantee to distribute not less than £100 this week.**

Will you also note that we only ask you to send money for the actual words of the tele-quid? We do not ask you to pay for the words that make up your name and address.

Now that you see what we wish you to do, here is the problem for you to solve:

On Derby Day Mrs. Jenkins decides to go shopping and arranges to lunch with her husband in town at one o'clock. However, on the way to business Jenkins unexpectedly meets some friends bound for the races at Epsom, and absent-mindedly accepts their invitation to join their party. Some time later he suddenly remembers his appointment with his wife, and instantly hastens to telegraph to her to put off her visit. How should he word the telegram?

In filling in your tele-quid we may add that you may make it serious or humorous, just as you like.

TELE-QUIDS FORM

Number of words.			**If Postal Order be sent state number below.**
Amount Inclosed.	s.	d.	
If stamps are sent they MUST NOT BE AFFIXED to this form, but must be sent LOOSE.	*To* *Mrs. Jenkins, The Pines, Suburbia.*		

Only words of actual message charged for at the rate of ½d. a word.

No charge is made for name and address below.

From Name.....

Address.....

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed tele-quids form.
2. When you have filled up the tele-quids form, cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., together with the price of the tele-quid. No other communications must be inclosed.
3. Mark your envelope "Tele-quids No. 3" in the top left-hand corner.
4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, June 1st.
5. Tele-quids may not contain more than 24 words, exclusive of the address. The payment of the tele-quid is at the rate of one halfpenny a word, and may be made either with stamps or by postal order. The words of the addresses are not to be included in the price of the tele-quid.
6. When a postal order is sent to cover one or more attempts, this P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the tele-quids form.
7. Half the money received will be awarded to the sender of the tele-quid selected as the best by the judges, and the remaining half will be awarded to those selected as the next best at the rate of £1 per word exclusive of the words in the addresses.
8. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Half-guin Watches, Scissors, Pipes, Cigarette-lighters, and Coronation Spoons offered in this week's footlines.

Have you Heard?

REPARTEE.

FEW Parliamentary measures introduced within recent years have aroused so much interest as the National Insurance Bill that is being piloted through the House of Commons by Mr. Lloyd-George and which he himself explains to the readers of *P.W.* on the opposite page. It seems an admirable measure, for, as the Chancellor pointed out in his striking way, the insurance will only cost the worker "the price of an ounce of tobacco or of two pints of the cheapest beer" a week.

The Chancellor is famous for these little touches in his speeches. His sudden, spontaneous wit, too, is one of his most valuable weapons.

"I am here——" he began once at a political meeting.

Before he could go on, a noisy interrupter chimed in: "And so am I!"

Like a flash of lightning came Mr. Lloyd-George's retort:

"Yes, but *you're* not all there!"

SUSPICIOUS.

MR. GRAHAME-WHITE, who took part in the recent flying demonstration arranged by the Parliamentary Aerial Defence Committee, tells a story of a Frenchman, whose sweetheart went off on a long holiday. During her absence, of course, the poor Frenchman was very sad, but when she came back he seemed even sadder.

"What's the matter with you?" a friend asked.

"I'm worried about my sweetheart" muttered the Frenchman. "You see, since her return from America, she kisses so much better than she used to!"

THE LITTLE BRAT!

PROBABLY the most notable incident of the Hendon meeting was Mr. Grahame White's flight with Mr. A. J. Balfour as a passenger. This was Mr. Balfour's first experience of flying.

The leader of the Opposition, as is fairly well known, is occasionally a prey to absent-mindedness. One day during a grave political crisis, he was walking, deep in thought, towards Westminster. Out of the tail of his eye he saw a child vainly striving to reach the knocker on a house-door.

Now, Mr. Balfour is the kindest of men, and without a moment's thought he turned aside.

"Can't you reach it?" he asked.

The child stared in open-eyed astonishment.

"Perhaps I can," Mr. Balfour remarked with a friendly smile.

He gave a sharp rat-tat-tat.

Instantly, with a shriek of delight, the urchin scurried off, and it dawned on Mr. Balfour that he had been "had." When the door was whisked open a second later by an exceedingly angry footman Mr. Balfour had to explain the situation as well as possible. The footman, who had been annoyed several times that morning by the same little urchin knocking and running away, delivered a dignified reproof, and Mr. Balfour continued his way sadly towards the House.

VERY POWERFUL!

AFTER making rather a fuss about whether he was or was not coming over to the Coronation, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has decided that, after all, the Canadian Reciprocity Bill will get along quite nicely in his absence. He is a charming man, and we're very glad to see him again.

Among some of the backwoodsmen Sir Wilfrid is regarded as one of the most powerful men in the British Empire, and the story goes that when he heard that Queen Victoria was dead, an illiterate old Canadian from "away back" asked who had succeeded her on the throne.

"Oh, the Prince of Wales, of course!"

"Gee!" was the old man's comment. "The Prince must have a lot of influence with Laurier to get a big job like that!"

ONLY TOO TRUE.

SIR WILFRID entered the Canadian Parliament thirty years ago, and his success was almost instantaneous. From the moment he made his maiden speech people saw that he was a man to be reckoned with.

Like most big politicians, he has sometimes had to wrestle with the "frigid and calculated lie" that is so lightly uttered by an opponent and that spreads so rapidly. During one election, the report gained currency that Sir Wilfrid's children had not been baptised. A frantic wire was sent to Sir Wilfrid by an overwrought candidate, repeating the rumour, and asking him to contradict it.

"Telegraph denial," the message ended imploringly.

So Sir Wilfrid telegraphed: "Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children!"

WATCHING AND WAITING.

IT is understood that Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Scott is about to retire from the active list. This may perhaps be regarded as the final episode in a series of events connected with differences between officers of high standing.

Sir Percy has always been a great worker, and one of his stories illustrates "that tired feeling."

One morning he found a man lying under the shade of a pile of bales on a wharf.

"What were you sent here for?" he demanded.

"I was sent to pile them bales on the wharf, sir," was the reply.

"Oh!" commented the Admiral sarcastically. "And now you're resting, are you? Tired, perhaps?"

"No, sir, I ain't resting," the man replied calmly, "because I ain't really tired. I'm just waitin' for the sun to sink down behind that there hill, so's I can knock off work!"

NOT MUCH.

THE decision of the British Museum authorities to provide an official guide to conduct visitors round the museum recalls a delightful little conversation that was overheard the other day in the wonderful mummy room of the Museum.

Two little mites wandered into the room and paused before one of the cases.

"Wot is it, Jim?" whispered one, somewhat awed.

"A mummy," Jim whispered back.

Gasp of astonishment. "A mummy!"

"Yus; a woman, all tied up," Jim explained vaguely.

"'Tain't much like my mummy," concluded the other. And they drifted on to fresh wonders.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

THE King has appointed Rear-Admiral Sir Colin Keppel to command the Naval Brigade in London at the Coronation. Admiral Keppel was given the command of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* by King Edward, and on one occasion when the late King was on board he thought he would like to steer the yacht for a little.

Admiral Keppel took him to the wheel, and, having ascertained the proper course to steer, his Majesty tried to keep the yacht in it with rather poor success.

The vessel was being escorted by a squadron of cruisers, and the captain of one of these vessels, noticing the wobbly course of the *Victoria and Albert*, thought he would "rag" Admiral Keppel on his bad steering.

He signalled a sarcastic inquiry as to the erratic course of the yacht, and King Edward, seeing the string of flags go up, inquired their meaning.

Admiral Keppel went all the colours of the rainbow and tried to escape the question, but the King insisted. When at last he understood the meaning of the signal, his Majesty went off into peal upon peal of laughter, and after he had recovered a little he ordered a reply to be signalled.

A few minutes later the captain of the cruiser read this message: "Pray accept apologies, but am a bit out of practice.—EDWARD."

Then the captain retired to his cabin and kicked himself.

NEEDLESS CRUELTY.

THERE was a big gathering at the Crystal Palace the other day when Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein distributed the prizes given by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the best essays by children on "Kindness to Animals."

One is reminded of the kind-hearted little boy who was spending a few days at a farm in the country.

"Mother," he said, "isn't it awfully cruel of the farmer to shoot all those dear little rabbits?"

"Perhaps it is," his mother agreed rather doubtfully; "but then you're very fond of rabbit-pie, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes; but then you always get those rabbits at the shop!"

Pars that Puzzle

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. The famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for the best paragraph used. If there is more than one such paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown this week goes to Mr. J. T. [illegible], 58 Henderson Row, Edinburgh.

WELL! WELL!!

IT'S often talked about. People always [illegible] is coming. No one has ever seen it. No [illegible] ever see it. We shall still continue to look [illegible] to it, but it will never come. What is it?

Solution below.

A BEHEADED WORD.

MY first is something in which my second [illegible] looks, frequently to see my third.

Solution below.

THE COURSE OF COURTSHIP.

Insp
Sel
Aff } ection.
Rej
Dej.

SIMPLE, BUT——

THREE men have two bundles to carry [illegible] them for a distance of three miles. There [illegible] for each man to carry one bundle for two [illegible] How do they manage it?

Solution below.

A SCORE FOR THE O.C.E.

"CHORTLES!" cried the O.C.E. "A[illegible] this! What is the difference between a [illegible] two elephants sitting on a bun?"

"Eh?" gasped Chortles.

"Do you give it up? Listen; [illegible] conundrum, and the other is a bunun[illegible] Ha! Ha!"

Chortles gives notice and goes down to [illegible] to the editor.

FREE TICKETS—PERHAPS.

THE proprietor of a circus employed [illegible] clowns, whose costumes bore the numbers [illegible] three, and [illegible] respectively. [illegible] an advertisement, he offered free tickets to all who could arrange the clowns, so that the number formed by the figures on their dresses was exactly divisible by seven. Although there is an ingenious solution, no one won a free ticket. Can you catch the [illegible]?

Solution below.

Solutions.

WELL! WELL!!

TO-MORROW.

A BEHEADED WORD.

THE words are, glass, lass, ass.

SIMPLE, BUT——

THE three men (A. B. and C.) commence to walk, A. and B. each taking a bundle. At the end of the first mile C. takes A.'s bundle and carries it for the next two miles. At the end of the second mile A. takes B.'s bundle (having carried it two miles) and carries it for the last mile. Thus all three carry a bundle two miles.

FREE TICKETS—PERHAPS.

CLOWN No. 1 stood on his head, making the figures [illegible]

dress into a nine. 931 being divisible by seven.

I am continually asked to write something in confession albums.

My Insurance Bill

By the Right Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer received Mr. P. Doubleyou at his official residence in Downing Street the other day and gave him the following simple explanation of the great Insurance Bill that has just been introduced:

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BILL?

THE Bill is intended to insure every worker against sickness. In many families the breakdown of the wage-earner is a very serious matter. The wages earned are seldom high enough to allow of much being saved for an emergency. These people are too proud to accept charity or Poor Law relief, and when illness comes, and the supply of money is cut off, the household finds itself in difficulties. It is to help such people that the Bill has been framed.

The Bill is in two parts. Part I. relates to insurance against sickness, Part II. to unemployment.

WHO BENEFITS UNDER THE INSURANCE SCHEME?

The scheme, with certain exceptions, is open to the whole nation. The only difference is that workers whose salaries are not over £160 a year *must* join the scheme. Others are *voluntary* members, and may join if they want to do so.

Every worker of either sex between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, who is employed at a salary of £160 a year or less, will have to join the scheme. The exceptions to this rule include soldiers and sailors (who are to be provided for under special schemes), public servants with retiring pensions, commission agents employed by more than one person, certain classes of the most casual sort of labourer, and married women employed by their husbands.

HOW WILL THE SCHEME BE WORKED?

The scheme is to be worked largely through the great friendly societies. The societies will, of course, accept all those they possibly can who apply for membership, but those who are rejected by the societies as "bad lives," and uninsurables, and those who do not choose to belong to a society, will be dealt with through the Post Office.

WHAT WILL THE WORKER HAVE TO PAY?

Each worker will receive from his society, or from the Post Office, a card having spaces for three or four months. On pay-day each week the worker will present this card to his employer. The employer will affix a sevenpenny stamp to the card (6d. to a woman worker's card), deducting 4d. from the worker's wages (3d. from a woman worker's wages).

When the card has been filled up with the stamps necessary for the number of weeks for which it has been issued, the worker will return it to his society (or to the Post Office, as the case may be) and get a new one in exchange.

To prevent the loss of cards, workpeople will be able, if they choose, to leave their cards with their employers, who will then have to stamp them at prescribed intervals, not necessarily weekly, and deliver them up when the period for which they have been issued has expired.

WHAT BENEFITS WILL THE WORKER RECEIVE?

If the worker falls ill, he must at once communicate with his society, or with the authority appointed by the Health Committee for the District. A doctor will be sent to him, and he will, *during the whole period of his illness*, receive free medical attendance and free medicine.

If he is still unable to go to work four days after he gave notice of illness, he will begin to receive a sick benefit of 10s. a week commencing on the fourth day. This 10s. will be paid to him, if his illness continues, for thirteen weeks. (For this period a woman worker's benefit will be 7s. 6d. a week.)

If at the end of thirteen weeks the invalid is still unable to go to work, the sick benefit will be reduced to 5s. a week for a further period of thirteen weeks.

After these twenty-six weeks, should he still be invalided, the 5s. benefit will only be continued if the worker has been insured for two years. But, in any case, the free medical attendance and medicine will still be given.

Patients will only receive their weekly payments for so long as they obey the doctor's orders. If a doctor or sick visitor reports disobedience on the part of a patient, the weekly payments will cease, but the medical attendance and medicine will be continued.

ACCIDENTS AND PERMANENT DISABLEMENT.

The Bill leaves the law with regard to accidents exactly as it stands at present. The Bill only deals with sickness not caused by the worker's own misconduct or through an accident for which compensation can be claimed. All cases that would come under the Workman's Compensation Act are excluded, so that the worker cannot get paid twice for the same injury. He will, however, receive free medical attendance and free medicine in any case.

Workers of either sex who are permanently disabled will each receive 5s. per week till they reach the age of seventy, when it will cease, but they will then, of course, begin to receive their 5s. a week from the Old Age Pension Scheme.

WHAT ABOUT THE MATERNITY BENEFIT?

A worker's wife will receive a maternity benefit from her husband's society, or, if she is herself an insured worker, the benefit will come from her own society. She will not, however, receive both benefits.

This benefit will not be paid in cash, but will be used to pay for whatever may be necessary in the way of nursing, medicine, food, etc., up to the value of 30s.

If the woman is herself a worker she will only receive this benefit on condition that she does not return to work for four weeks.

Another point; if the mother is an insured worker she will not get the ordinary sick benefit in addition to the maternity benefit. She will only receive sick benefit if she is still unable to return to work at the end of the four weeks.

BOYS, OLD MEN, AND POORLY-PAID WORKERS.

Boys under sixteen, who are employed, will be required to contribute. In case of illness they will receive free medical advice and medicine, and they will also, as in the case of other workers, be admitted to sanatoria if they are consumptive, but they will not receive sick pay. The balance of their contributions will be invested, so as to hasten the period in which an extension of the whole scheme will be possible. It is calculated that boys now sixteen will come into the extension of the scheme at the age of thirty-two, a time when they will in most cases be married men, and glad to receive further benefits.

Workers over the age of sixty-five will not be admitted to the scheme, and those who become insured after the age of forty-five will receive slightly decreased benefits.

Workers who receive 2s. 6d. a day or less, and whose wages do not include board and lodging, will pay a little less than those who receive more than 2s. 6d. a day. Their employers, who are getting the benefit of cheap labour, will have to make up the difference.

WHO ELSE WILL BENEFIT UNDER THE NEW BILL?

It is not intended to confine the benefits of the insurance scheme to those whose salaries are less than £160 a year. Tradesmen, men working on their own account, even the Governor of the Bank of England can come into the scheme if they want to do so, but in those voluntary cases the insurer has to pay the employer's 3d. as well as his own 4d., so that a man earning, perhaps, £200 a year would have to pay 7d. a week instead of 4d. for the same benefits.

HOW ARE MARRIED WOMEN AFFECTED?

If a woman worker marries and continues in some employment her insurance will go on as before. But if she ceases to be a worker she will be suspended during her marriage. She will not even be allowed to join as a *voluntary* member—paying her own contribution as well as the employer's—because, since she is not engaged in regular employment, there would be no reliable test as to her capacity for work. She will, however, receive the maternity benefit through her husband's insurance. When she becomes a widow she is put back in exactly the same position as she was before marriage. If she had made 104 weeks' payment before marriage, it will not be necessary for her to repeat the payments in order to become entitled to the allowance for disablement.

CONSUMPTION.

Doctors are confident they can stamp out consumption, but they can only do so with help. The Bill proposes, therefore, that sanatoria for the treatment of consumption shall be built throughout the country. Towards the cost of these sanatoria the Bill provides in all 1s. 4d. a head per annum for every person insured, including the State grant. This shilling is in addition to the usual weekly payments.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

The second part of the Bill deals with the question of unemployment. As the Bill stands, provision is confined to two groups of trades—the engineering trade and the building trade. Other trades may be included in the scheme later.

Each worker who falls under this unemployment scheme pays 2½d. a week, and to this the employer adds another 2½d. The benefits from this insurance are to be 7s. a week for fifteen weeks in the engineering trades, and 6s. a week for fifteen weeks in the building trades.

This benefit will not start until after the first week of unemployment. No benefit at all will be paid when the workman has been dismissed through his own misconduct, or when the unemployment is due to strikes or lock-outs.

D. Lloyd George

THREE ACRES AND A COW.

How You May Enjoy the Rest of Your Life on a Beautiful Homestead.

IT is the ambition of most people, whether they work in towns or in the country, to live peacefully and comfortably on a little farm which they own themselves. But this dream nearly always remains a dream. Land and farms cost money, and there are not many of us who are able to bring up a family and at the same time save enough to buy a homestead, however small.

Now that summer is upon us, you realise more keenly than ever how much more healthy and enjoyable it would be to get up in the early morning to feed the ducks and fowls, turn loose the cow, and generally prepare for a day's steady labour in the fresh air. Instead of that, you probably have to get up just as early, and, after a hurried breakfast, start off for a day's labour either in a factory, or a workshop, or an office, returning thoroughly exhausted at the end of the day.

Supposing we tell you how you can get three acres and a cow, and a complete homestead for nothing?

We will.

In the current number of a bright little weekly paper devoted to the farm and garden, THE SMALLHOLDER, you will find particulars of a remarkable offer which is open to everybody. It consists of three acres of land, a cosy, six-roomed cottage, a cow, a couple of pigs, and a number of fowls, and all the necessary outbuildings and tools—in fact, a complete homestead.

Whoever becomes its owner will be lord of all he surveys. He will have no rent to pay, every stick and stone will be his, and every penny he makes he may spend as he pleases. In addition, he will be given £1 a week for fifty-two weeks to tide him over the difficulties of the first year. After that all will be plain sailing.

Mother Earth is the finest and safest savings bank in the world. She pays fifty, sixty, and even a hundred per cent. interest, and there is not a man living who could not make at least £2 a week out of three acres of land far, far easier than if he worked in an office, shop, or factory.

And while the land is piling up the profits the cow will have been giving 800 gallons of milk in the twelvemonth, the pigs will have paid into the bank £50 or £60, and the fowls will have laid something like 150 eggs apiece.

The farm is waiting for someone. The editor of THE SMALLHOLDER wants to prove that there is a much better living to be made in the country by anyone who has his heart in the work than there is in the town. And he is prepared to spend £1,000 to get that proof.

He tells exactly how you may exchange your present monotonous life in town for the freedom of the country, how you may obtain his present of a complete homestead in this week's SMALLHOLDER. The penny you spend on the paper may be the best investment you ever made in your life.

People expect something clever from an editor. If you were editor of "P. W." what would you put?

Have you Heard?

REPARTEE.

FEW Parliamentary measures introduced within recent years have aroused so much interest as the National Insurance Bill that is being piloted through the House of Commons by Mr. Lloyd-George and which he himself explains to the readers of *P.W.* on the opposite page. It seems an admirable measure, for, as the Chancellor pointed out in his striking way, the insurance will only cost the worker "the price of an ounce of tobacco or of two pints of the cheapest beer" a week.

The Chancellor is famous for these little touches in his speeches. His sudden, spontaneous wit, too, is one of his most valuable weapons.

"I am here——" he began once at a political meeting.

Before he could go on, a noisy interrupter chimed in: "And so am I!"

Like a flash of lightning came Mr. Lloyd-George's retort:

"Yes, but *you're* not all there!"

SUSPICIOUS.

MR. GRAHAME-WHITE, who took part in the recent flying demonstration arranged by the Parliamentary Aerial Defence Committee, tells a story of a Frenchman, whose sweetheart went off on a long holiday. During her absence, of course, the poor Frenchman was very sad, but when she came back he seemed even sadder.

"What's the matter with you?" a friend asked.

"I'm worried about my sweetheart" muttered the Frenchman. "You see, since her return from America, she kisses so much better than she used to!"

THE LITTLE BRAT!

PROBABLY the most notable incident of the Hendon meeting was Mr. Grahame White's flight with Mr. A. J. Balfour as a passenger. This was Mr. Balfour's first experience of flying.

The leader of the Opposition, as is fairly well known, is occasionally a prey to absent-mindedness. One day during a grave political crisis, he was walking, deep in thought, towards Westminster. Out of the tail of his eye he saw a child vainly striving to reach the knocker on a house-door.

Now, Mr. Balfour is the kindest of men, and without a moment's thought he turned aside.

"Can't you reach it?" he asked.

The child stared in open-eyed astonishment.

"Perhaps I can," Mr. Balfour remarked with a friendly smile.

He gave a sharp rat-tat-tat.

Instantly, with a shriek of delight, the urchin scurried off, and it dawned on Mr. Balfour that he had been "had." When the door was whisked open a second later by an exceedingly angry footman Mr. Balfour had to explain the situation as well as possible. The footman, who had been annoyed several times that morning by the same little urchin knocking and running away, delivered a dignified reproof, and Mr. Balfour continued his way sadly towards the House.

VERY POWERFUL!

AFTER making rather a fuss about whether he was or was not coming over to the Coronation, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has decided that, after all, the Canadian Reciprocity Bill will get along quite nicely in his absence. He is a charming man, and we're very glad to see him again.

Among some of the backwoodsmen Sir Wilfrid is regarded as one of the most powerful men in the British Empire, and the story goes that when he heard that Queen Victoria was dead, an illiterate old Canadian from "away back" asked who had succeeded her on the throne.

"Oh, the Prince of Wales, of course!"

"Gee!" was the old man's comment. "The Prince must have a lot of influence with Laurier to get a big job like that!"

ONLY TOO TRUE.

SIR WILFRID entered the Canadian Parliament thirty years ago, and his success was almost instantaneous. From the moment he made his maiden speech people saw that he was a man to be reckoned with.

Like most big politicians, he has sometimes had to wrestle with the "frigid and calculated lie" that is so lightly uttered by an opponent and that spreads so rapidly. During one election, the report gained currency that Sir Wilfrid's children had not been baptised. A frantic wire was sent to Sir Wilfrid by an overwrought candidate, repeating the rumour, and asking him to contradict it.

"Telegraph denial," the message ended imploringly.

So Sir Wilfrid telegraphed: "Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children!"

WATCHING AND WAITING.

IT is understood that Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Scott is about to retire from the active list. This may perhaps be regarded as the final episode in a series of events connected with differences between officers of high standing.

Sir Percy has always been a great worker, and one of his stories illustrates "that tired feeling."

One morning he found a man lying under the shade of a pile of bales on a wharf.

"What were you sent here for?" he demanded.

"I was sent to pile them bales on the wharf, sir," was the reply.

"Oh!" commented the Admiral sarcastically. "And now you're resting, are you? Tired, perhaps?"

"No, sir, I ain't resting," the man replied calmly, "because I ain't really tired. I'm just waitin' for the sun to sink down behind that there hill, so's I can knock off work!"

NOT MUCH.

THE decision of the British Museum authorities to provide an official guide to conduct visitors round the museum recalls a delightful little conversation that was overheard the other day in the wonderful mummy room of the Museum.

Two little mites wandered into the room and paused before one of the cases.

"Wot is it, Jim?" whispered one, somewhat awed.

"A mummy," Jim whispered back.

Gasp of astonishment. "A mummy!"

"Yus; a woman, all tied up," Jim explained vaguely.

"'Tain't much like my mummy," concluded the other. And they drifted on to fresh wonders.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

THE King has appointed Rear-Admiral Sir Colin Keppel to command the Naval Brigade in London at the Coronation. Admiral Keppel was given the command of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* by King Edward, and on one occasion when the late King was on board he thought he would like to steer the yacht for a little.

Admiral Keppel took him to the wheel, and, having ascertained the proper course to steer, his Majesty tried to keep the yacht in it with rather poor success.

The vessel was being escorted by a squadron of cruisers, and the captain of one of these vessels, noticing the wobbly course of the *Victoria and Albert*, thought he would "rag" Admiral Keppel on his bad steering.

He signalled a sarcastic inquiry as to the erratic course of the yacht, and King Edward, seeing the string of flags go up, inquired their meaning.

Admiral Keppel went all the colours of the rainbow and tried to escape the question, but the King insisted. When at last he understood the meaning of the signal, his Majesty went off into peal upon peal of laughter, and after he had recovered a little he ordered a reply to be signalled.

A few minutes later the captain of the cruiser read this message: "Pray accept apologies, but am a bit out of practice.—EDWARD."

Then the captain retired to his cabin and kicked himself.

NEEDLESS CRUELTY.

THERE was a big gathering at the Crystal Palace the other day when Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein distributed the prizes given by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the best essays by children on "Kindness to Animals."

One is reminded of the kind-hearted little boy who was spending a few days at a farm in the country.

"Mother," he said, "isn't it awfully cruel of the farmer to shoot all those dear little rabbits?"

"Perhaps it is," his mother agreed rather doubtfully; "but then you're very fond of rabbit-pie, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes; but then you always get those rabbits at the shop!"

Pars that Puzzle

☛ *The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. The famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for the paragraph used. If there is more than one paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.*

The half-crown this week goes to Mr. J. T., 58 Henderson Row, Edinburgh.

WELL! WELL!!

IT'S often talked about. People always is coming. No one has ever seen it. No ever see it. We shall still continue to look to it, but it will never come. What is it?

Solution below.

A BEHEADED WORD.

MY first is something in which my second looks, frequently to see my third.

Solution below.

THE COURSE OF COURTSHIP.

Insp
Sel
Aff } ection.
Rej
Dej.

SIMPLE, BUT——

THREE men have two bundles to carry them for a distance of three miles. There for each man to carry one bundle for two How do they manage it?

Solution below.

A SCORE FOR THE O.C.E.

"CHORTLES!" cried the O.C.E. "A this! What is the difference between a two elephants sitting on a bun?"

"Eh?" gasped Chortles.

"Do you give it up? Listen; conundrum, and the other is a bunn Ha! Ha!"

Chortles gives notice and goes down to to the editor.

FREE TICKETS—PERHAPS.

THE proprietor of a circus employed clowns, whose costumes bore the numbers three, respectively, an arrangement, he offered free tickets to all who could arrange the clowns, so that the number formed by the figures on their dresses exactly divisible by seven. Although there is an ingenious solution no one won a free ticket. Can you catch the idea?

Solution below.

Solutions.

WELL! WELL!!

TO-MORROW.

A BEHEADED WORD.

THE words are, glass, lass, ass.

SIMPLE, BUT——

THE three men (A. B. and C.) commence to walk A. and B. each taking a bundle. At the end of the first C. takes A.'s bundle and carries it for the next two At the end of the second mile A. takes B.'s bundle having carried it two miles) and carries it for the last Thus all three carry a bundle two miles.

FREE TICKETS—PERHAPS.

CLOWN No. 1 stood on his head, making the figures dress into a nine. 931 being divisible by seven.

I am continually asked to write something in confession albums. ☛

My Insurance Bill

By the Right Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer received Mr. P. Doubleyou at his official residence in Downing Street the other day and gave him the following simple explanation of the great Insurance Bill that has just been introduced:

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BILL?

THE Bill is intended to insure every worker against sickness. In many families the breakdown of the wage-earner is a very serious matter. The wages earned are seldom high enough to allow of much being saved for an emergency. These people are too proud to accept charity or Poor Law relief, and when illness comes, and the supply of money is cut off, the household finds itself in difficulties. It is to help such people that the Bill has been framed.

The Bill is in two parts. Part I. relates to insurance against sickness, Part II. to unemployment.

WHO BENEFITS UNDER THE INSURANCE SCHEME?

The scheme, with certain exceptions, is open to the whole nation. The only difference is that workers whose salaries are not over £160 a year *must* join the scheme. Others are *voluntary* members, and may join if they want to do so.

Every worker of either sex between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, who is employed at a salary of £160 a year or less, will have to join the scheme. The exceptions to this rule include soldiers and sailors (who are to be provided for under special schemes), public servants with retiring pensions, commission agents employed by more than one person, certain classes of the most casual sort of labourer, and married women employed by their husbands.

HOW WILL THE SCHEME BE WORKED?

The scheme is to be worked largely through the great friendly societies. The societies will, of course, accept all those they possibly can who apply for membership, but those who are rejected by the societies as "bad lives," and uninsurables, and those who do not choose to belong to a society, will be dealt with through the Post Office.

WHAT WILL THE WORKER HAVE TO PAY?

Each worker will receive from his society, or from the Post Office, a card having spaces for three or four months. On pay-day each week the worker will present this card to his employer. The employer will affix a sevenpenny stamp to the card (6d. to a woman worker's card), deducting 4d. from the worker's wages (3d. from a woman worker's wages).

When the card has been filled up with the stamps necessary for the number of weeks for which it has been issued, the worker will return it to his society (or to the Post Office, as the case may be) and get a new one in exchange.

To prevent the loss of cards, workpeople will be able, if they choose, to leave their cards with their employers, who will then have to stamp them at prescribed intervals, not necessarily weekly, and deliver them up when the period for which they have been issued has expired.

WHAT BENEFITS WILL THE WORKER RECEIVE?

If the worker falls ill, he must at once communicate with his society, or with the authority appointed by the Health Committee for the District. A doctor will be sent to him, and he will, *during the whole period of his illness*, receive free medical attendance and free medicine.

If he is still unable to go to work four days after he gave notice of illness, he will begin to receive a sick benefit of 10s. a week commencing on the fourth day. This 10s. will be paid to him, if his illness continues, for thirteen weeks. (For this period a woman worker's benefit will be 7s. 6d. a week.)

If at the end of thirteen weeks the invalid is still unable to go to work, the sick benefit will be reduced to 5s. a week for a further period of thirteen weeks.

After these twenty-six weeks, should he still be invalided, the 5s. benefit will only be continued if the worker has been insured for two years. But, in any case, the free medical attendance and medicine will still be given.

Patients will only receive their weekly payments for so long as they obey the doctor's orders. If a doctor or sick visitor reports disobedience on the part of a patient, the weekly payments will cease, but the medical attendance and medicine will be continued.

ACCIDENTS AND PERMANENT DISABLEMENT.

The Bill leaves the law with regard to accidents exactly as it stands at present. The Bill only deals with sickness not caused by the worker's own misconduct or through an accident for which compensation can be claimed. All cases that would come under the Workman's Compensation Act are excluded, so that the worker cannot get paid twice for the same injury. He will, however, receive free medical attendance and free medicine in any case.

Workers of either sex who are permanently disabled will each receive 5s. per week till they reach the age of seventy, when it will cease, but they will then, of course, begin to receive their 5s. a week from the Old Age Pension Scheme.

WHAT ABOUT THE MATERNITY BENEFIT?

A worker's wife will receive a maternity benefit from her husband's society, or, if she is herself an insured worker, the benefit will come from her own society. She will not, however, receive both benefits.

This benefit will not be paid in cash, but will be used to pay for whatever may be necessary in the way of nursing, medicine, food, etc., up to the value of 30s.

If the woman is herself a worker she will only receive this benefit on condition that she does not return to work for four weeks.

Another point; if the mother is an insured worker she will not get the ordinary sick benefit in addition to the maternity benefit. She will only receive sick benefit if she is still unable to return to work at the end of the four weeks.

BOYS, OLD MEN, AND POORLY-PAID WORKERS.

Boys under sixteen, who are employed, will be required to contribute. In case of illness they will receive free medical advice and medicine, and they will also, as in the case of other workers, be admitted to sanatoria if they are consumptive, but they will not receive sick pay. The balance of their contributions will be invested, so as to hasten the period in which an extension of the whole scheme will be possible. It is calculated that boys now sixteen will come into the extension of the scheme at the age of thirty-two, a time when they will in most cases be married men, and glad to receive further benefits.

Workers over the age of sixty-five will not be admitted to the scheme, and those who become insured after the age of forty-five will receive slightly decreased benefits.

Workers who receive 2s. 6d. a day or less, and whose wages do not include board and lodging, will pay a little less than those who receive more than 2s. 6d. a day. Their employers, who are getting the benefit of cheap labour, will have to make up the difference.

WHO ELSE WILL BENEFIT UNDER THE NEW BILL?

It is not intended to confine the benefits of the insurance scheme to those whose salaries are less than £160 a year. Tradesmen, men working on their own account, even the Governor of the Bank of England can come into the scheme if they want to do so, but in those voluntary cases the insurer has to pay the employer's 3d. as well as his own 4d., so that a man earning, perhaps, £200 a year would have to pay 7d. a week instead of 4d. for the same benefits.

HOW ARE MARRIED WOMEN AFFECTED?

If a woman worker marries and continues in some employment her insurance will go on as before. But if she ceases to be a worker she will be suspended during her marriage. She will not even be allowed to join as a *voluntary* member—paying her own contribution as well as the employer's—because, since she is not engaged in regular employment, there would be no reliable test as to her capacity for work. She will, however, receive the maternity benefit through her husband's insurance. When she becomes a widow she is put back in exactly the same position as she was before marriage. If she had made 104 weeks' payment before marriage, it will not be necessary for her to repeat the payments in order to become entitled to the allowance for disablement.

CONSUMPTION.

Doctors are confident they can stamp out consumption, but they can only do so with help. The Bill proposes, therefore, that sanatoria for the treatment of consumption shall be built throughout the country. Towards the cost of these sanatoria the Bill provides in all 1s. 4d. a head per annum for every person insured, including the State grant. This shilling is in addition to the usual weekly payments.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

The second part of the Bill deals with the question of unemployment. As the Bill stands, provision is confined to two groups of trades—the engineering trade and the building trade. Other trades may be included in the scheme later.

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Secret History of the Mormons

HOW 30,000 MORMONS TRAILED OUT INTO THE WILDERNESS TO FOUND A NEW HOME.

It is difficult for us in these days, now that the great central plains of the United States are crowded with towns and villages, to realise how little was known about this region at the time of the Mormon exodus, sixty odd years ago.

Geographers had christened it the "Great American Desert," for the few pioneers who had entered it, and returned alive, said that much of the land was barren and incapable of cultivation. Savage Indian tribes, constantly at war with one another, and with all white strangers, roamed over its vast expanses.

These lived by hunting various kinds of big and small game, their principal food being the buffalo, immense herds of which were to be found everywhere on the open prairies of what is now Kansas and Nebraska.

It was known, too, that beyond the great plains, which stretched unbroken for nearly one thousand miles west of the Missouri, lay the Rocky Mountains, a maze of gorges and canyons, of snow and ice-fields, and forests inhabited by dangerous wild beasts—the great grizzly bear, the mountain lion, the gaunt grey timber wolf, amongst others.

30,000 TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES.

Into this land of mystery, this uncharted and untrodden wilderness, given up to savage beasts and still more savage men, Brigham Young had undertaken to lead his followers. Think of it. Thirty thousand men, women, and children ready at the bidding of one man to quit their homes, cut themselves off absolutely from all civilisation whatsoever, and travel they knew not whither in order to found a new Zion in some place to them unknown.

As soon as Young announced his intention of quitting Nauvoo, preparations for the start were begun, and were pushed forward with feverish activity. Curiously enough, too, the news of the exodus brought a sudden and large accession to the ranks of the Mormons.

People were everywhere attracted by the novelty of the idea, by the lust of adventure, the love of the mysterious and the unknown.

From England alone came several hundreds of converts. Many more flocked to Nauvoo from the Eastern States. Nor were these by any means all poor, ignorant people. Doctors, dentists, lawyers, professional men of all kinds were included, and many independent farmers and landowners sold their belongings, and joined the Saints.

GOODS CARRIED IN PRAIRIE SCHOONERS.

As all converts had to hand over, on joining, 10 per cent. of their capital to Young for the general benefit of the church and the community, and were obliged also to bind themselves to pay into the same fund 10 per cent. of their future annual income, whatever that might be, these newcomers must have had, at all events, the courage of their convictions.

To accommodate this vast multitude, with their household goods, tools, and rations, an enormous number of vehicles were required. The favourite ones were huge tented waggons, called "prairie schooners," immensely strong and heavy, and requiring ten mules or five yoke of oxen to draw them.

Such outfits, however, were expensive, costing from £250 to £400, and none but the wealthier Mormons were able to afford them.

BAD MONEY MADE IN NAUVOO.

Others contented themselves with pack animals, or with handcarts, of which many thousands were built under Young's instructions. These sufficed to carry the food, bedding, and so on, the men, women, and children tramping alongside, and all except the very smallest and weakest helping to push and haul. The poorest of all carried what provisions and outfits they could in packs on their backs, or utilised wheel-barrows, and, in some cases, perambulators.

It is typical of the Mormons of those days that they paid for much of the stores and outfits which they got from gentile outsiders in counterfeit banknotes, printed in Nauvoo from plates prepared there, and on a press set up by Young's orders.

Counterfeit dollars were also struck in large quantities. At one mill £300 was paid for wheat in one week, all in bad money. Long afterwards, when taxed with this, the Mormon leader freely acknowledged it, and not only that, but gloried in it.

"What would you?" he said. "We were being driven from our homes by mob law, leaving hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of our property in the possession of our enemies. I considered all means were justified that enabled us to get our own back from those who were persecuting us. Did not the children of Israel spoil the Egyptians under similar circumstances?"

The Mormons had promised to evacuate Nauvoo "as soon as grass will grow and water run," and the advance guard of the exodus quitted the city towards the end of February, 1846.

This pioneer party, led by Young in person, consisted of 143 men, besides women and children, and convoyed a train of seventy-three waggons. Next behind these followed 1,200 persons, with 389 waggons. Then the "Kinball company," as it was called, led by an elder of that name, 662 persons and 226 waggons. Then those in charge of Colonel Richards, a prominent Danite chief, 526 people with 169 waggons.

A SMALL CANNON IN CASE OF ATTACK.

These were the cream of the Mormon population, and were well provided with the necessaries of life, as well as arms and ammunition. They even dragged along with them a small cannon, a source of endless wonderment to the Indian tribes they were presently to encounter.

Before setting out Young had fixed upon a spot near where now stands the town of Council Bluffs, in the State of Iowa, as a temporary rendezvous for the Saints. Here they were to reassemble after their march across Iowa, and go into camp to recuperate for a while prior to commencing the more arduous part of their journey to the Rocky Mountains and beyond.

It was a wonderful sight, and one which filled the spectators with amazement. By July it has been estimated that there were already on the march 15,000 Mormons, with 3,000 waggons, 30,000 head of cattle, and a vast uncounted number of horses, mules, and sheep. The multitude flowed on over the plains a living river with neither beginning nor end, for long after the advance guard had reached Council Bluffs, other parties were still starting from Nauvoo, nearly four hundred miles away to the eastward.

THEY CUT THEIR OWN ROAD.

There was, of course, no road across the prairie at the beginning, not even a trail, but the Mormon army, with their waggons, their horses and cattle, and their sheep, soon blazed a broad highway through the wilderness.

The Indians called this the "Great Medicine Road of the Whites," and were profoundly impressed with the vast multitudes swarming along it.

In many places it was between one and two hundred feet in width, and before the exodus was completed it was destined to stretch for two thousand miles through an utter wilderness, a trail beaten by innumerable feet of men and animals—a wonderful highway comparable only with that beaten across Siberia by the exiles in the pre-railroad days, or with that blazed by the Boers when they made their great trek into the heart of South Africa.

Needless to say, the travellers suffered considerable privations, even at this early stage of their journey. The weather at the beginning was very severe, and many were frost-bitten, some so badly as to render amputation necessary. Others were snowed under, and frozen to death; while yet others strayed away from the beaten track, and were hopelessly lost.

ROOTS AND BARK OF TREES AS FOOD.

The rains, which began in April after the thaw, proved an even worse trial, for with them came sickness, mostly fever and dysentery. Often the waggons stuck fast in the thick mud. Then trees had to be felled, and laid down to form what was called a corduroy road. Frequently, when camp was pitched at night, less than one mile had been traversed; five or six miles were considered a good day's march.

Fuel was not always to be found, with the result that after a cold night their wet garments and bedding would be frozen stiff by morning.

The long delays, caused by floods, and the state of the trail, which was so water-sodden as to be frequently impassable for days together, made provisions scarce. Many of the poorer emigrants lived principally on roots, the bark of trees, and what game they could catch or shoot.

Once, when one of the parties was in very great straits indeed, a great flock of quails came swooping down from overhead, and settled in the camp. The birds ran in and out amongst the tents and waggons, so that the men knocked them over by scores with sticks, and the children even caught some alive. But when enough had been taken for that day's provision, and the next, the captain forbade the killing of any more, saying that the coming of the birds was "the Lord's doing."

Brigham Young, too, when he heard of the incident, made much of it. "Tell this thing to the nations of the earth! Yea, go tell it to the kings and nobles and great ones, and especially to the gentiles, and to those that are unbelievers," he exclaimed exultingly.

JOLTING WAGGONS CHURNED THE MILK.

Notwithstanding their privations, however, the Mormons kept up a good heart. Nearly every party had a band of some sort with it, or at least a set of concerted musical instruments, and at night, gathered round their camp fires, they sang and danced. The Mormons, it may be noted, have been from the very beginning great dancers, and are so now.

In other ways, too, these remarkable people showed an altogether marvellous power of adapting themselves to their surroundings, encouraged and guided as they were by their leaders, most of whom were old pioneers and frontiersmen. The wives of the Mormon women learned to churn their milk by utilising the jolting of the waggons. Others taught themselves weaving, and were able to replenish their own and their menfolk's wardrobes from cloth, the wool for which was sheared, carded, spun, and woven on the march.

There were, too, plenty of skilled artisans among them, and as soon as a halt was called shoemakers would set to work at cobbling, tailors would busy themselves with needle and thread. Carpenters, gunsmiths, and blacksmiths, would likewise be busily employed.

OVENS HOLLOWED OUT OF THE HILLSIDE.

Meanwhile, the women would set to work to bake at the "field ovens," shallow covered-in trenches in the open prairie, or hollowed out of a hillside. Bread would be kneaded and baked, and when no wheat was available for grinding in their hand mills, roasted maize was substituted, the grain being frequently mixed with the shredded bark of trees in order to eke it out.

In the larger camps the Mormons used to construct what they called "boweries"—large huts covered with a frame-work of poles, and thatched with brush or branches. In these the evening entertainments were given, dances, songs, recitations, conundrums, and so on.

On some occasions the Indians were invited to these jollifications, when special preparations had to be made in order to impress their guests, amongst them being the provision of numerous hollowed turnips as substitutes for candles. These the Mormons used to stick round the walls and suspend from the brush roof, giving a pretty effect.

(Next week we will tell how the Mormons in Nauvoo was utterly destroyed and looted by the "Gentiles.")

IN NEXT WEDNESDAY'S NUMBER.

1. **THE HOUSE OF THE STRANGER.** A Most Exciting New Short Serial Story.
2. **DUELS WITH DEATH.** A Series of Articles Narrating Deeds of Great Heroism in Famous Mining and other Disasters.
3. **PINCHER'S PROGRESS.** A Delightful Series of Funny Episodes in the Life of a Burglar. Told by C. Malcolm Hincks.

WHITSUN NUMBER. ONE PENNY.

I will give five splendid little watches for the best confession. Mark postcards "Album." (See 868.)

Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS,

the Eminent Bone Specialist, who Officiates at many Big Boxing Contests, Talks about the Work of a Pugilist's Seconds.

THE average spectator at a boxing contest who sees a man apparently exhausted at the end of one hard round come up smiling and fresh for the next, not infrequently ascribes the change to the energies of the man's seconds.

This, of course, is to a great extent true, the training and condition of the boxer himself, however, has perhaps more to do with his quick recovery.

Nevertheless, the seconds are able to do a great deal towards freshening a man up. A good second in a boxer's corner is a valuable help in many ways, for, apart from his use of towel and sponge, his knowledge of ringcraft enables him to advise his man as to his best mode of defence and attack.

A vigorous fanning with fresh air—the latter not always obtainable in a crowded hall—a sponge saturated with cold water, applied to face and back of the neck, and rinsing of the mouth with water, are, of course, the usual methods of restoration that a second uses.

WHAT THE DOCTORS DO.

But in extreme cases more vigorous methods must be used. Probably few people are aware that at most of the big boxing contests a doctor is at the ringside ready for any possible contingency.

He carefully examines both combatants before a competition, and remains till the end of the match. In the unusual event of a man's heart giving serious trouble the doctor has strychnine at hand ready for injection, and a cylinder of oxygen, and, indeed, everything that care and forethought can give.

Personally, I don't like what one might call artificial aids where sport is concerned, but I do think oxygen might be used more frequently than it is.

Suppose that two cylinders of this were placed in suitable positions so that the escaping gas could be fanned, either by the usual towel or by electrically driven fans, in the faces of the boxers, it would quickly put new life into them.

The above, I think, applies equally to football players, especially in London and other great cities, where, during the winter months, fogs are frequent.

CUPS OF COFFEE AS A STIMULANT.

I should suggest that oxygen be allowed to escape from a cylinder placed in the dressing-room during the interval; the men in the room could then fill their fog-laden lungs with gas, and I feel sure the result would last them well over the second half of the match.

Then I am a believer in cups of coffee as a stimulant.

Alcohol, of course, is a stimulant, too, but it also has the effect of inducing a sense of laziness, whereas coffee brings out one's latent energy, and has no bad after-effects.

I was officiating at the famous Marathon Race of a year or so back when Dorando came in first, only to be disqualified. Hayes, the American, won in consequence, but I feel certain that Hefferon, the South African, would have been much closer, if not actually first, had it not been that he was given some champagne—mistaken kindness—towards the finish of the race, which, in my opinion, was responsible for a momentary spurt, and an almost immediate collapse.

If alcohol must be used, I would suggest whisky or brandy. As a matter of fact, seconds frequently give brandy to boxers they are acting for during a contest.

One other restorative which is quite often administered to a boxer by his second between the rounds is smelling salts. But even here there is a wrong and a right method of using. Hold the bottle close to the nostrils, and you may so irritate the air passages with the pungent fumes that actual harm is done instead of good.

On the other hand, hold the bottle fairly well away so that the exhausted man may get plenty of air as well, and the smelling salts are exceedingly useful.

WHEN THE HANDS SUFFER MOST.

Accidents, of course, are not unknown, but, fortunately, they are rarely of a serious nature. Occasionally a shoulder is dislocated, and sometimes a slipping of the biceps tendons in the same region. Freddy Welsh was troubled by this last about ten days before he boxed Macfarland.

But injuries to the hands bother the boxer most frequently, especially if he sends in a swinging blow, catching his opponent, say, on the top of the head where the skull is thick. In such a case the one who delivers the blow is far more likely to feel the effects than the receiver.

But, as I've already remarked, things seldom go wrong in the ring. Which says a lot for the care which is exercised at present-day contests in this country.

"I AM sure our Teddy is in love."

"Nonsense! He is only a youngster."

"I know, but he has started to wash his face before going out at nights."

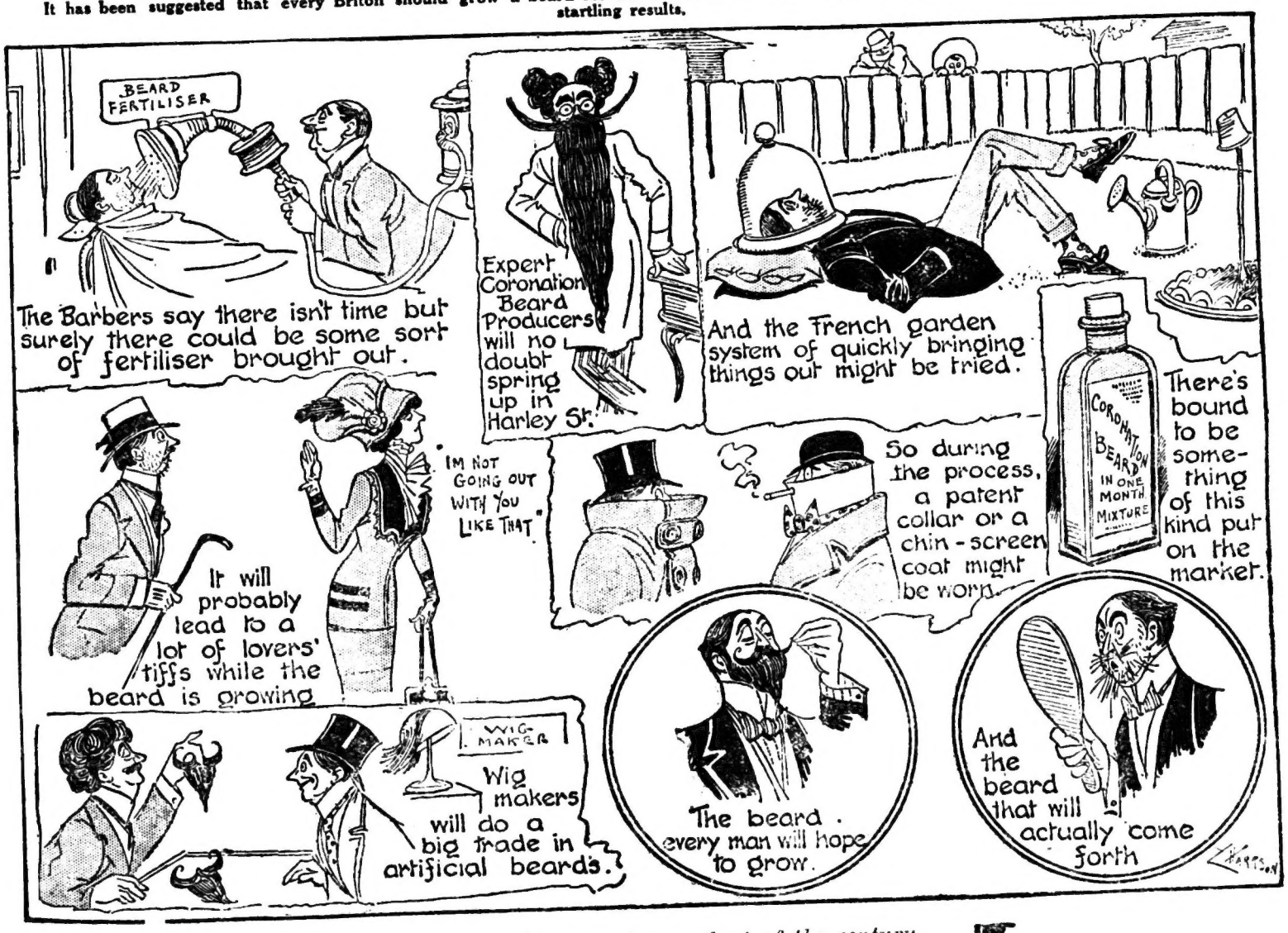
"I GOT so exasperated at the trial that I called the judge an imbecile!"

"Then what did you do!"

"Two months!"

GROW A CORONATION BEARD.

It has been suggested that every Briton should grow a beard for the Coronation. This suggestion, says our cartoonist, may have some startling results.



A batsman sees that his score is one short of the century.

OUR SERIES OF WORLD-FAMOUS POLICE MYSTERIES.

The Clue of the Leg in the Well.

In this Story of a French Crime we have one of the Most Amazing Pieces of Detective Work Known.

RINGUÉ, a police constable of Paris, was passing homewards one afternoon along the Rue Princesse, when a friend of his, who kept a small cheap restaurant at No. 50, came running out of the establishment, and told him excitedly that he had fished up a severed human leg from his well.

The constable went immediately to the commissary, M. Macé, a young man who afterwards highly distinguished himself in his profession, but was then entirely unknown.

M. Macé hurried to the house in the Rue Princesse, examined the ghastly trophy, and went to the well, where he soon made out a second object floating upon the water. This was fished up with some difficulty, and proved to be a parcel like the first.

The cover was of black calico, knotted at either end, and sewn in the middle with black thread. There was an inner covering made of a part of the leg of a trouser, and within lay a second leg. It was incased in part of a long stocking, made of drab cotton, and a fragment of a sock had been stitched over it, on which was an initial B., with a small cross on either side of it.

REMAINS FISHED OUT OF THE SEINE.

This was the first clue by whose aid M. Macé solved the mystery.

The medical experts who examined these relics offered the opinion that they had been dismembered by an unprofessional hand, that they were the limbs of a woman, and that they had been in the well about a month. The well was emptied, but nothing further was found in it.

During the next few days fragments of human flesh were fished out of the Seine; more fragments were found along the banks of that river, together with a thigh wrapped in a blue knitted shawl.

But now a new aspect was given to the case by a doctor, who stated that the remains were those of a man.

M. Macé went over the evidence at hand and hit upon another clue. The calico cover, with its knotted ends and black thread stitching, betokened clearly that the wrappings had been done by a tailor. He began to search for a tailor, and eventually fastened on to Pierre Voirbo, a tailor who used to live in the Rue Mazarin.

M. Macé found a girl who worked for Voirbo and questioned her. This revealed the fact that Voirbo never worked much, yet always seemed to have plenty of money. He drank a great deal. Friends? He had one in particular, a little old man known as Père Désiré, with whom he often drank.

"When did you see this old man last?" M. Macé asked.

"A couple of months ago at the *café* with Voirbo. Père Désiré's aunt was with them, Madame Bodasse. She resides in the Rue des Nesles, and is a bandage maker."

THE MAN VOIRBO.

A detective was immediately sent to find the old woman, and she was brought to the commissary's office. She was ready to tell all she knew. She had a nephew named Désiré Bodasse, who had been a tapestry worker, but he was horribly stingy, and they were not on the best terms. She had not seen him for a month. Sometimes he took her out to concerts, and on the last occasion Pierre Voirbo had accompanied them.

"Describe this man Voirbo."

"He was a short man, and sometimes wore a long overcoat and a high hat."

And M. Macé remembered the initial B. upon the fragment of a sock. B—that might well stand for the family name of Désiré Bodasse. The scent was becoming stronger. The old bandage-maker was taken to the Morgue, where she promptly identified the fragment of trouser and the sock with the initial, which, she declared, she had marked herself, between two crosses in red cotton. And she had sewn the sock to the stockings, to protect her nephew's feet against the winter cold. The identity of the murdered man was proved. He was Désiré Bodasse, of No. 50 Rue Dauphine. Half the battle was won—but not the greater half.

The commissary now took Madame Bodasse to her nephew's abode. No. 50 was an old, rambling building, so constructed that the porter could not see who came in or passed out. M. Macé inquired for the room of Bodasse, but found that it was closed. He went back to the porter.

"Nevertheless, I believe that Monsieur Bodasse is still there," the man remarked. "He often shuts himself away for days and will not be disturbed. Last night I saw a light in his room and his shadow upon the curtains."

M. Macé's convictions were shaken. He seemed to have been on the wrong track. He left a letter to be delivered to Bodasse if he should arrive, and turned his attentions to Voirbo.

A GIGANTIC GAME OF BLUFF.

In the Rue Mazarin he learned that Voirbo now lived in the Rue Lamartine. He had married a girl with a good dowry, the orphaned daughter of a tailor. But Voirbo and Bodasse had quarrelled, and the latter had not been at his wedding. It appeared that Voirbo had begged Bodasse for the loan of 10,000 francs, and the old man had refused.

Here was a motive for the crime!

Bodasse had not been seen, the porter affirmed, when the commissary inquired at his apartment the following day. And his aunt, the bandage-maker, still insisted that the relics at the Morgue were those of her nephew. To put an end to all doubt M. Macé forced the lock of the door of Bodasse's apartment. The place was in good order, but there was a fine layer of dust upon the furniture, and the bed had not been slept in.

On the floor before the fireplace were the ends of seventeen half-burned matches, and on the mantel were two paper candle-boxes—one empty, one containing a single candle. These boxes were of the kind that held eight candles apiece. Fifteen had, therefore, presumably been burned, and this corresponded with the number of matches used, two having missed fire. The one candle left would burn, it might be calculated, about three hours; then there must have been a light in the room on fifteen occasions of three hours apiece. This was corroborated by the janitor, who had noticed a light from eight o'clock until 11 in the evening on fifteen occasions during the previous six weeks.

M. Macé conjectured that some person had come to the apartment at regular intervals and of some set purpose. M. Macé became convinced that the visitor was not Bodasse, but someone who had an interest in making it apparent that Bodasse was still alive. He had even wound up the twenty-four hour cuckoo clock!

M. MACÉ SENDS FOR VOIRBO.

"Was Monsieur Bodasse well-to-do?" M. Macé asked of the bandage-maker, recalling the story of his refusal to lend Voirbo ten thousand francs.

Madame Bodasse replied that he was, and that, like any Frenchman, he preferred to keep his cash and securities near at hand. She pointed out a secret hiding-place in an old bureau. "If anything happens to me," he had told her, "you will find all my papers and valuables in there. I keep them in an old green pocket-book."

The drawer was opened, but the pocket-book was gone. However, M. Macé found a memorandum—a scrap of paper inside the old man's silver watch, containing the numbers of certain securities, Italian Government Stock of the issue of 1861, payable to bearer.

M. Macé then set out again upon the trail of Voirbo. "Had he paid his rent before leaving the Rue Mazarin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"In cash?"

"No," replied the landlord. "He paid with a share of Italian Stock, worth 500 francs. I cashed it myself at the money-changer's at the corner."

M. Macé hastened to the money-changer's shop and found that the man had kept the counterfoil of the share. The number corresponded with one upon the list found in the watch-case.

M. Macé's next move was to summon the suspected man to appear before him. Voirbo did not fly, he decided to brazen it out.

He expressed anxiety at the disappearance of his old friend, and said that he would have consulted M. Macé about it, but understood that owing to the latter's youth and inexperience, the affair was soon to be taken out of his hands. At the same time he hinted that a drunkard named Rifer knew something about the disappearance.

The commissary satisfied himself that Rifer knew nothing about the matter, and a few days later he had Voirbo arrested. Then he hurried away to Voirbo's lodgings.

WHAT THE WINE CASKS CONTAINED.

There the commissary found Mme. Voirbo and broke to her the news of her husband's arrest. Proofs of his villainy were soon obtained. His wife had brought him a dowry of 15,000 francs in French securities, payable to bearer.

These bonds were kept in a small strong box, of which Voirbo retained the key. With Madame Voirbo's permission, the commissary forced the box. It was empty, for the securities had been removed, as well as others to the value of 10,000 francs, which Voirbo had brought as his share towards the marriage settlement.

"What securities were they?" M. Macé asked.

"Italian stock."

But where had Voirbo secreted them. A thorough search of the apartment proved futile. But it did reveal several things, including a ball of cord similar to that with which the parcels found in the well had been tied. M. Macé descended to the cellar, Madame Voirbo protesting that it was empty, except for a couple of casks of wine.

The commissary persisted in examining the cellar. He entered and discovered the two casks side by side. Passing a light over them, he saw at once that the bung in one stood out above the head of the cask; closer investigation revealed that a black string was attached to the bung and lay inside the cask. He pulled out the bung, drew up the cord, and with it a small tin cylinder, which, when forced open, disclosed the whole of the Italian securities, less the one which had been disposed of.

LINKING UP THE CHAIN.

The only weak point in the chain of evidence remaining was the connection of Voirbo with the actual dismemberment of the body, and the commissary hoped to discover evidence of this in the house which Voirbo had occupied in the Rue Mazarin.

He proceeded there, in company with the accused, who was strongly guarded by two policemen.

Voirbo was brought into his old room and placed in a chair between the policemen. He looked on with a sneering smile while the furniture was being rearranged, betraying no anxiety.

One peculiarity in the room had struck M. Macé at the moment of his first entrance. The tiled floor sloped downwards from the window towards the bed in the recess. He had also gathered, from the position of the furniture, that the only part of the room in which there was space to move around freely was that occupied by a circular table.

The commissary concluded, therefore, that if the murder had been committed in Voirbo's room, it must have been near the table, and that the dismemberment had probably been performed upon it.

Taking up a pitcher full of water, he exclaimed:

"I perceive a slope in the floor. Now, if a body were cut up on this table, the flow of the blood would have followed this slope. Any other fluid thrown down here must follow the same direction. I will empty this pitcher upon the floor, and we will see what happens."

THE RAZOR IN THE LOAF OF BREAD.

The water flowed straight toward the bed and collected under it in two large pools. The spot indicated was sponged dry, and a mason was called to take up the tiles of the floor. A quantity of dried blood was found below.

Voirbo, completely overcome, then and there made full confession of his crime. He had killed Bodasse, he said, in order to obtain the money which the miser had refused him. He disposed of him with a blow from a flat-iron and then dismembered of the body in the manner indicated before.

"And the head?" asked M. Macé.

"I weighted it with molten lead, and sunk it in the bottom of the Seine."

Voirbo committed suicide almost immediately after his reception at Mazas, the great prison of Paris. While waiting his turn to be inscribed in the prison register he tore open a long loaf of bread he was carrying under his arm, took out a razor blade, and cut his throat.

(Next week: "The Man with the Ape-Like Hands.")

The very next ball he is clean bowled. What should he say to the bowler? ☞

Married Through Prison Bars

When Love has Laughed at Almost Impossible Tasks.

WHATEVER the opinion held about the bridegroom, no one can fail to admire the pluck of the young American girl, Miss Cleo Lucas, who, in order to avoid giving evidence against the man she was engaged to, married him through the bars of his prison cell a week or so back.

Dr. J. W. Sherman, the man who was engaged to Miss Lucas, was arrested for the murder of Mr. Thomas Norman by shooting him at his place of business at Chattanooga, in Tennessee.

The cause was believed to be jealousy, and Miss Lucas learnt that the prosecution meant to call her as the principal witness.

Learning that a wife may not give evidence against her husband, the girl disguised herself as a man, and, accompanied by a minister, went to Chattanooga Gaol at midnight, climbed by a ladder to the cell window, and clasped the prisoner's hand through the bars, while the minister, standing on a lower rung, read the service.

Here in sober, prosaic England there have been cases of love rising superior to prison bars or convict stripes.

POLICE PAID FOR THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

At Manchester a stalwart young gipsy was arrested for desertion from the Army. While he awaited escort he told the authorities that he was engaged to a girl of eighteen, and that the banns had been already thrice called.

Chief Detective-Inspector Corden went to the stipendiary magistrate, and put the facts before him, and as the girl was not only willing but anxious to marry the prisoner, a temporary extension of the remand was granted.

Next day the bridegroom was escorted to church by Detective Clynes, who gave away the bride. The pair then returned to the police station, where a charming breakfast was served. The money for this had been raised by the police themselves. The young couple were allowed to enjoy the feast, but hardly was it over when an escort appeared and the husband was removed in custody to Colchester.

The extraordinary scene of a bridegroom being married in handcuffs was witnessed near Paris a year or so ago.

Theophile Fray, aged thirty-four, a handsome, finely-built man, was arrested for a daring burglary, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' hard labour.

The girl he was engaged to, Alexandrine Sadelman, who was only nineteen, went to the police, and begged, with tears in her eyes, that she might be allowed to marry Fray before he was sent to serve his sentence.

The request was granted, and the prisoner was conducted by four detectives to the mayoralty at St. Martin, where the ceremony was performed. After the wedding the convict bade his wife farewell for ten years, and the weeping girl went back to her parents' home.

CAUGHT NAPPING!

All the elements of comedy were contained in a sensation which amused Madrid a couple of years ago.

A rich, good-looking young man from Buenos Ayres met a pretty girl at a Madrid Theatre. The two fell deeply in love with one another, and determined to get married. But the girl had a guardian, an old skinflint, who, wishing to administer her property as long as possible, refused his consent.

The pair resolved to bolt, and reached Barcelona in safety. They had taken their tickets for Buenos Ayres when a commissary of police appeared, and arrested Miss Carmen.

Arguments and tears were useless. The lovers resigned themselves to stern fate. After inviting the officer to be seated, the girl went to her room in the hotel to change her dress, while the bridegroom sadly gave orders for the removal of his baggage to the steamer.

When the last trunk was down Don Juan took leave of the officer, and went off to the ship.

Half an hour passed. The officer became impatient. He went and knocked at Miss Carmen's door. No answer. He entered. The room was empty!

He rushed to the harbour. The vessel was steaming out. On the deck stood Don Juan and Carmen, waving their handkerchiefs. Carmen had escaped under the very nose of the detective, packed in one of her own trunks.

LAST OFFER OF CORONATION SEATS

THIS week we make our last offer to our readers of free seats to view the Royal Procession through London on Friday, June 23rd.

Everyone who wishes to be our guest at this historic pageant, a pageant that will be talked about for years to come, should not fail to enter the competition below.

This week we are offering four seats—two pairs—for the Coronation Procession on Friday, June 23rd.

We are awarding the seats in pairs, so that you may bring a friend whose company will help to make your trip to London the more enjoyable.

In addition to the right to use these seats we offer to pay the railway fares of the successful competitors from any part of the United Kingdom, and refreshments for our guests will also be provided at the seats.

WHAT TO DO TO WIN THE SEATS.

To win a pair of our Coronation seats all you have to do is to make a sentence from any column of this issue of *P. W.* you please in the manner shown in the example below.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE.

(Not to be used.)

Fmerly the residence of Lady Frances Cecil. It is a tradition with this house—a tradition ating back I have heard for many centuries—tha a wayfarer may be sent empty away. Old beggar y that once upon a time they used to be ushere to the servants' hall and regaled with a sub antial hot meal. But the number of caller creased so that this practice had to be dis ntinued, and the doles now takes the shape of af of bread, a hunk of cheese, and a mug of home ewed ale.

Stockton Hall is, as I have already said, famou r this practice, having been so much written out in newspapers and magazines, but there are ores of other less well-known places where s milar custom prevails. I myself know of forty fifty such, and there are doubtless many other ith which I am unacquainted.

At some of these houses there are curious rules to the giving or withholding of relief. At one

First of all, mark out a letter on any line in any column or page of this issue you choose. Continue your pen to the next line and draw it through a letter there, pass on to the line below and mark out a third letter, and so on until you have crossed out sufficient letters which, when written out in the order in which you have marked them, will spell out a sentence.

In the example above, which must not be used, the letters through which the pen has been passed make up the sentence, "Come to the Coronation."

DON'T DELAY. ENTER NOW.

In marking out the letters the pen must be drawn downwards, and confined to a single column.

The letters need not be taken from lines immediately below each other; and sentences may not be more than twelve words in length.

The prizes will be awarded for the sentences which, in the opinion of the Editor, are considered the best.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have made your sentence write it on the entry form, sign it yourself and get the friend whom you nominate to sign his or her name and address below yours. Then cut out the entry form and the part of the page of this issue on which you have marked out your sentence, the letters together, and place them in an envelope addressed to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed.

2. Envelopes must be marked "Coronation No. 7" on the top left-hand corner. All attempts must be posted to arrive not later than Thursday, June 1st.

3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses they give to view the Coronation Procession.

4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM. CORONATION CONTEST. No. 7.

To be cut out and attached to the portion of the page on which your sentence is marked.

.....

.....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Result of Contest No. 4 will be found on Page iii. of cover.

FOR NELL'S SAKE.

A Little Tale that Should Melt Even the Hardest Heart.

WHEN the warm days came, Nell began to grow a little brighter. She was helped out of bed, and she sat in an old chair to watch her companions playing in the sunshine.

It was an average corner in London's seamy side. There were ten cottages in the court occupied by thirty families, and the parents had little work and many children. Nell's father had either died or run away, she couldn't remember which.

At four o'clock every afternoon there was a loud "whoop," and into the narrow street trooped the children from the school.

Some seized the sick child's empty medicine-bottle, and ran off to get it filled at the hospital. Others described the latest lessons to her, and one brought a withered flower begged from the woman with the stall at the corner. Some children stroked her cheek in passing, and when the sun at last went down each lent a hand in carrying her back to the broken-down bed.

One afternoon, when the narrow street was very hot and dirty, and the sun rays trickled through the dust to the dried-up refuse in the gutters, Nell was missing from her usual place against the door.

Her playmates home from school thronged into the room to learn the reason. Nell was asleep and breathing heavily, so they tip-toed out again and closed the door. Then they looked at one another and thought things they dare not say.

"Well, it ain't no use cryin', Lil!" one remarked, addressing a companion. "Wot Nell wants is a dye aht in the fields."

"That's trew, Emmer."

Emma was thoughtful for a few moments, then she continued: "But I don't really think one dye would make 'er quite well agen. She's awful bad, and she wants lots more good food, which 'er mother can't give 'er, and she wants to sit in the fields for lots of dyes."

The little group of Nell's friends stood for some moments solemnly thinking hard.

"I've got it!" shouted one suddenly, her eyes sparkling with the brilliance of the thought. "You know Jemima Wilkins? Well, she 'as a ticket for a fortnight in the country to get better after 'er broke leg. Nell's much wus than she is. Let's go and ask if she'll give Nell 'er ticket."

The party trooped off rapidly to interview Jemima, who, having lived for days in anticipation of the wonderful treat in store for her, at first by no means appreciated the suggestion. Each little member of the party, however, contributed her modicum of argument, and finally Jemima wavered.

"Well, look 'ere," she said, with judicial solemnity "if you sye Nell's really awful bad, wusser than me, I'll let 'er go. 'Ere's the ticket"; and the weary eyes glistened suspiciously and the pale lips quivered. "Give it to 'er—wiv my love."

As the last member of the joyful troop gently closed the door behind her, a tiny form threw itself face downwards on the floor and sobbed with the misery of an unfulfilled dream.

A few days later, Nell, carefully wrapped up, was tenderly carried to the station, and set out on a journey that saved her life.

What of Jemima?

She, poor little soul, during the hot days bravely struggled to recover from her illness without the fresh air and good food that would have meant so much to her.

"Why was she not sent, too?" you will ask. Because there was no one to pay her expenses—ten shillings for a fortnight at the seaside, or even ninepence for one day in the country.

There are, alas, too many Nells and Jemimas in our great cities, and—won't you make yourself responsible for bringing to just one of them that joy which may mean so little to you and yet so much to her?

Shall Jemima have a reward? That depends on *you*.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the *Daily Express*, Limited, the *Standard* Newspapers, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

I will give twenty briar pipes for the best things said. Mark postcards "Century." *(See page 868.)*

TOO "TONEY" FOR TRIPPERS

Rules and Regulations of some "Swanky" Seaside Towns.

"Dogs must not bark while trotting along the sea-front!" is an order that was issued some years ago by the town council of Hunstanton, Norfolk, and the beach officer was instructed to make sure that the canine holiday-makers conformed to the rule.

We may laugh at such an order, but it must be remembered that there is a considerable class of tourists who want quiet when they go for their yearly visit to the sea or the country.

They do not care for crowds and noise, and they are always on the look-out for some place where they will not be disturbed by one-day excursionists, and the entertainments usually provided for them.

Consequently our holiday resorts are dividing into two entirely different classes, one of which caters for the tripper pure and simple, the other for the more wealthy class of tourist who prefers peaceful surroundings.

Of the latter one finds more on the east coast than anywhere else. Cromer, in particular, sets its face against the cheap tripper. This year the Cromer Protection Association has gone so far as to forbid even pierrot entertainments on the beach.

There was even a question about the retention of donkeys, but eventually it was decided to allow these to ply for hire.

COCOANUT SHIES AND AUNT SALLIES FORBIDDEN.

Harwich has been a good deal divided on the subject of the tripper, many of whom visit the place by steamer. But this year the authorities have taken a firm stand, and regulations have been adopted prohibiting cocoanut shies and Aunt Sallies on that part of the beach opposite Dovercourt.

Scarborough, though vastly grown in size, is still as particular as ever. That end of the town known as New Scarborough sets its face like flint against not only trippers but any kind of tourists. In most cases there is a clause in the leases prohibiting the reception of paying guests.

Further north, we find Saltburn equally convinced that the good of the town lies in the exclusion of all but the very best class of visitors. Saltburn belongs principally to Lord Zetland, and he takes very good care that lodging-houses are few, and these only of the most superior description.

The Isle of Man is the paradise of the Lancashire cotton operative, and places like Douglas lay themselves out to amuse the Lancashire lads and lasses with a few shillings to jingle in their pockets.

But Port Erin looks at things from a very different point of view. Port Erin strives, with considerable success, to keep itself absolutely select, and looks upon lodgers with a very doubtful eye. Not long ago the City Fathers made a law against cock-crowing. The clarion call of the rooster saluting the dawn is absolutely prohibited.

TORQUAY DIDN'T LIKE TICKLERS.

To look further south, we find Torquay very careful to preserve its reputation for gentility. Torquay is a big place nowadays, and has its excursion-trains which pour in large numbers of trippers. But horse-play of any kind is absolutely prohibited.

It will be remembered that about ten years ago the East-End tripper took to poking his or her friend in the face with a bunch of peacock feathers, known as a "tickler." Years afterwards the use of this atrocity spread southwards, and about five years ago it appeared in Torquay under the name of the "doodle-dasher."

But Torquay's City Fathers put their collective foot down. The recreation was both insanitary and dangerous, and the sale of the "tickler" was absolutely prohibited.

Sometimes it is not the Council, but the owner of a place, who declares against the tripper. Over in Cheshire, but not far from Manchester, is the quaint old village of Rostherne, and on Saturdays and Sundays hundreds of people cycle there for a day's outing.

The place is owned by Lord Egerton of Tatton, and in 1909 he issued orders forbidding the inhabitants to serve tea or refreshments to visitors. There was a protest meeting attended by ten thousand people, but Lord Egerton remained unmoved.

WHITSUN NUMBER NEXT WEDNESDAY—

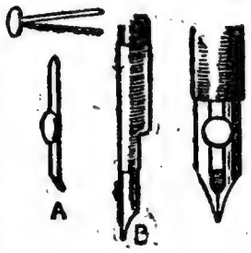
Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.

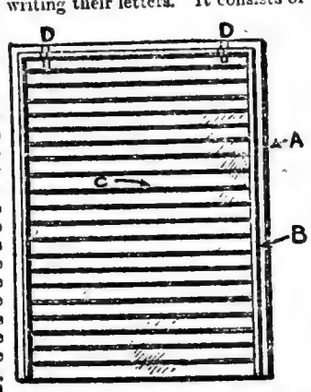
A HOME-MADE FOUNTAIN PEN.

You can turn any pen into a fountain pen in two minutes. Take a paper fastener of the kind shown in the illustration, and bend back the prongs until you have a straight piece of metal. Then bend over the end of one of the prongs (see A). Insert the other prong in the penholder above the nib, and push it back until the bent prong just touches the nib about an eighth of an inch from its point (see B). The pen will now hold sufficient ink to write ten times as much at one dip as will an ordinary pen.



A BOON TO BLIND PEOPLE.

The illustration shows a clever invention designed to aid blind people in writing their letters. It consists of a wooden board (A), which is slightly larger than an ordinary sheet of note-paper. Upon this is laid a thick wire frame (B), to which a number of thin wire cross-bars (C) are attached. The wire frame is fastened to the board by the hinges (D). The note-paper is placed on the board beneath the wire framework, and the blind person can then write between the cross-bars, which keep his writing straight. The cross-bars are placed about half an inch apart.

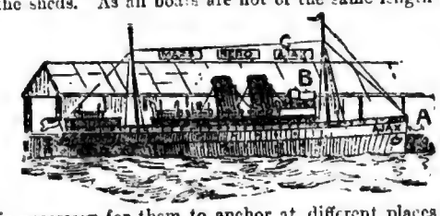


KEEPS THE FOOT RIGHT.

Unless the toe-strap on the pedal of a bicycle is adjusted to a nicety the rider's foot may work too far forward and prohibit proper pedal-action. To prevent this, many racing cyclists nail a strip of leather across the sole of each shoe, as shown in the illustration. The strip presses against the pedal plate, and thus keeps the foot in the right position on the pedal.

WHAT THE NAMES ARE FOR.

The names of various steamships which ornament the sheds of shipping companies in most large ports are not erected to advertise the boats belonging to that particular line. They are put up to enable the captains of the boats whose names appear to bring their boats alongside the landing-stage with their gangway exactly opposite the gangway entrance to the sheds. As all boats are not of the same length it is necessary for them to anchor at different places if the gangways are to meet. When a ship comes alongside she is brought with her bridge exactly opposite her name on the shed—the names being so arranged that when this is done the two gangways are exactly opposite. In the illustration, A is the ship's name, B the bridge of the steamship, and C the ship's name on the shed. Of course, only one ship can come alongside at a time.



Special Tecs. for June Guests.

How Our Royal Visitors for the Coronation will be Safeguarded Against Anarchists.

Scotland Yard already has its plans cut and dried for safeguarding the monarchs, princes, and notables from all over the world, who will attend the Coronation.

There will be temporary employment in plenty for ex-policemen during this time. So long ago as December the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police caused a notice to be issued inviting men who have left the Force during recent years to rejoin for a brief period, the pay for so doing being fixed at the liberal rate of £3 per week.

Many of these men will not don uniform. They will be put to do "spade work" for the detective department, leaving the skilled detectives free for more important duties.

For instance, during the work of preparing Westminster Abbey for the Coronation a large number of plain-clothes men, wearing special caps and aprons, will toil side by side with the regular workmen.

These men will be selected on account of having been stonemasons, carpenters, and so on, and they will be paid the regular trade rate of wages in addition, of course, to their pay. Their real duties, however, will consist in taking stock of any suspicious characters, or of anything that happens out of the common.

LOOKING FOR A MODERN GUY FAWKES.

On the night before the actual coronation the whole of the vaults and lower parts of the Abbey will undergo a thorough search—no light being used by a band of picked detective officers, led by the Chief Commissioner. And thence onward, until all is over, police will be kept constantly stationed at intervals of a few yards throughout this underground maze of vaults, crypts, and passages, being relieved, of course, at short periods.

While the Coronation is in progress, the Abbey itself will be staffed by special plain-clothes officers. These will play many parts. For example, practically all the smart-looking gentlemen-ushers who will conduct the congregation to their seats, will be Scotland Yard officials.

For the actual guarding of foreign Royalties during their stay in London special detectives will be told off exclusively. As a rule, two men, the pick of the C.I.D., are allotted to each personage, with a third in reserve as a sort of understudy. One or the other of these is always in attendance, by night as well as by day.

Other detectives are employed in watching all known Anarchists and revolutionaries, and if these are suspected of plotting mischief, measures are taken to render them harmless. Nor is Scotland Yard too particular on these occasions as to what means it employs.

EVERY CONSTABLE GETS A MEDAL.

At the time of the last Coronation, for example, one known Anarchist, who was in the employ of a publican whose premises were on the line of route of the procession, was trapped in the cellar by a detective, and kept there till all was over.

Another dangerous revolutionist was arrested on a trivial charge and detained in custody during the whole of the eventful day. Of course, strictly speaking, the police have no real right to do these things, but on such an occasion as the Coronation it is held that the end justifies the means.

In short, Scotland Yard authorities are not taking any chances if they can help it. It is a time of great anxiety for all of them, and especially for the heads of departments, who are called upon to carry out a scheme of police protection on an immense scale.

Besides plain-clothes detectives, some 20,000 uniformed policeman will be necessary to "shepherd" the crowds on the two processional days, and there will be several other occasions for extra duty in plenty for all of them. But they will have their compensation later on.

The constables will get a Coronation medal and special pay, while those detectives who are more closely associated with Royalties will be rewarded in addition with diamond pins, watches and other similar costly souvenirs.

—ONE PENNY AS USUAL.

When sending Picture Pars, address your envelope to the Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta St, London, W.C.

THE BRAND OF CAIN

By ALBERT E. BULL.

The Detective Speaks.

"I THINK Mr. Radford might also hear what I have to say," said Copeland Dale, after he had been shown in to Edna. "I shall refer to him once or twice."

Radford seemed puzzled. Apparently he had scarcely expected to find Edna Dunville in touch with a detective from Scotland Yard. But he bowed and said nothing.

"Mr. Radford has been closely associated with this case," said Edna.

"I can imagine even more than he thinks," said Copeland Dale grimly. "I had the honour yesterday of preventing the gallant Inspector Bantling setting out with a warrant to arrest him."

"What?" cried the young man. "Arrest me?"

"Let me tell my story," replied Dale.

"You, Miss Dunville," he began, "once honoured me by telling me a long story without hiding anything. I am going to return the compliment. You trusted me by telling some things that you thought might hurt Mr. Player, but I remember you very sensibly decided that the whole truth was better than a part of it. Now I am going to tell the whole truth about this mystery as far as it affects me.

"I know you won't repeat what I am saying. There are wheels within wheels in our profession, and we younger men get snubbed and put in our place if we say too much. I took up this case under Mr. Bantling, who is a very clever detective, but, like some men who are very successful, a man who doesn't set much store on other people's discoveries unless they help his own theory.

"Mr. Bantling was not long in deciding that there was something in this case that lay below the surface. He is rather that kind of man; and that has often made him succeed where others have failed. The public said 'Mr. Player.' It was this that made him decide 'No, not Mr. Player; someone else.'

"'Dale,' he said to me, 'it's clear as daylight this Mr. MacLeod came home late with a friend. The two quarrelled. The visitor killed MacLeod and let himself out. Player had nothing to do with it. He was asleep at the time. You see, his bed has been slept in. But he woke in the morning, and finding what had happened, took fright and bolted—just like you or I or a dozen men might do.'

"It was then I made him angry. I didn't agree with him. 'I don't believe in forming theories,' I said. 'I want to search the place more carefully.' We were standing in the flat at the time and we had already spent hours in examining everything.

"'I've done all the searching here I'm going to do,' he said. 'I want to find that visitor.'

"But I continued alone. I turned over MacLeod's papers and found his bank book. That made me call at the bank. I told Mr. Bantling about the £100 cheque. He was inclined to snub me, though he admitted that the 'notes might be traced.'

"Late in the afternoon I made my first important discovery—a discovery that made me think that the work was that of an ordinary burglar. There is a window in the passage of the flat that has two purposes. It lights the passage and it opens on to the service lift, which, as perhaps you know, is a small hand-lift outside the building in which tradesmen send up small parcels to the different floors.

"This lift was very awkwardly placed in these flats, being too near the hall door and some way from the kitchen.

"But about my discovery. When Bantling and I began our examination of the place we were careful to look at this window, as we knew that a bold climber could easily get in or out by a service lift if the window were open. In fact, it would be quite a simple thing to descend in this way, all one would need to do would be to stand on the box of the lift and lower oneself by the rope.

"The window opening on to this lift had been found bolted. The two policemen who entered the place first were positive of this, and they allowed nothing to be touched till Bantling and I were on the spot. So please remember that fact—the window was bolted on the inside. There were other windows open, but not one that could have been used as an entrance or exit.

"I had opened this window on the afternoon I speak of two days after the crime, and was leaning out, when I thought I saw something suspicious about the lift below me. I pulled at the rope and drew the lift up. Yes! sure enough, there were marks upon the top of it, very faint marks it is true, but just such slight heapings and clearings of the dust as might be caused by a man standing upon it.

"I said nothing to Bantling. I had been rather badly snubbed over the cheque, and I knew my discovery could easily be laughed away. A day's fog and mist had made my clue very slender. But I persisted in the burglary theory. I kept thinking about the £100. Then I got suspicious of Jepson, the servant. I spent a lot of time inquiring about him and his antecedents, and—well, I needn't go into details of that—Jepson was arrested with the notes in his possession.

"About this time we heard of the discovery in America; not simply what the public heard, but a few other facts about your movements, Mr. Radford, that the police kept to themselves."

"You police are very clever," said Radford grimly.

"And a good thing for the public, too," said Dale; "but to continue. From that moment there was open war between Inspector Bantling and me. We were each, as it were, backing our own theories. Bantling ridiculed the idea of Jepson's guilt, while I was equally certain that Bantling had found a mare's nest. But"—and here the young detective looked very solemn—"when Jepson was arrested Bantling took care that the credit of the capture should be his."

"How mean?" said Edna.

"He was my chief," replied Dale; "of course, I was to have the credit later," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, "if Jepson were proved innocent.

"Then I told Bantling about the marks on the top of the lift. He ridiculed me. 'Why should Jepson enter that way?' he asked. 'Hasn't he a key? And, of course, he could get out by pulling the door fast after him.'

"Then you came, Miss Dunville," went on Dale, "and smashed up all my theories in an hour."

"I?"

"Yes, miss. I didn't see—I couldn't see how the thing was done at all when I had heard your story. Your story only brought all the guilt back to the very man you were trying to protect."

"How?"

"You told me that when Mr. Player went to the front door, he found it bolted and chained on the inside."

"Did you tell him that?" said Radford in an amazed tone.

But Edna Dunville remained as calm as before.

"Mr. Dale," she said, "when I saw you I had come determined to tell a part of the story only. But somehow I felt that that wasn't fair to you. It seemed like saying the worst thing that I could say, to speak about the door being barred and chained on the inside. But something prompted me to tell that as well as the rest. Mr. Player told me that"—she spoke warmly—"and I still believed him innocent. Why should I be afraid to repeat it to you?"

"Quite right, miss," said the detective; "but you can guess where I stood then. Here was the door bolted and chained inside, and the window looking on to the lift also fastened, and Mr. Player inside the flat. Where could Jepson's guilt, or yours, Mr. Radford, or anyone else's come in then?"

"Go on. Tell us the rest!" broke in Edna.

"In a moment, miss. I made one try. It wouldn't hold water. I reasoned to myself: This Mr. Player is a sleep-walker. Why shouldn't he have risen in the night and, walking about in his sleep, locked and bolted the door, or fastened the window?"

"I never thought of that!" cried Radford eagerly.

But the detective shook his head.

"I did. But it was too thin. I fancied myself explaining that idea to a judge. No! that wasn't good enough. It *might* be the explanation, but I wanted something more reliable. Then I thought of something else. Do you remember I asked you a few questions about yourself, miss?"

"Yes. What was that for?"

"I'd got an idea, miss. You will think it very strange, I am sure, but I have asked a good many questions about you lately; in fact, I've found out something about you that I don't suppose you know yourself."

"If it were necessary for the truth I am sure I don't mind," replied Edna, a little colour showing in her face.

"It was necessary, miss; and through those inquiries I have found out the truth. The right man has been arrested. We know now who killed Arthur MacLeod. He was the man who attacked Mr. Player at Brighton and nearly killed him also. You may well be anxious to know, Mr. Radford, for—though you may not be aware of it—the police thought *you* did that deed, and it was done so that they should think it."

"I don't understand," said Radford.

"Who was it?" cried Edna impatiently.

"Frank Medway, the Member of Parliament, and K.C."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Motive and the Man.

"MR. MEDWAY!"

For a moment the two listeners could only stare at Detective Copeland Dale.

"Say that again!" broke out Radford at last.

The detective repeated his statement.

"But how? Why? What does it mean?" Radford showered questions upon him in a series of gasps, while Edna sat silent upon her chair, too amazed to utter a word.

"Let me explain," said Dale; "the thing is very simple when you have the explanation. I have told you that Mr. Medway is the guilty man; now let me tell you how I discovered the fact.

"One of the first things a detective looks for in a crime is a motive. Nowadays, people don't go around slaying their neighbours out of idle bravado. I was satisfied when I took up this case that the man who killed Mr. MacLeod had some reason for doing it.

"Now, Miss Dunville, in the early part of your story, you left me with the door bolted and chained on the inside, the window fastened, every means of exit absolutely closed, and Mr. Allan Player inside the flat.

"But if I believe one part of your story I must believe the other. The statement about the bolts and chain comes, through you, from Mr. Player, who also declares that he has no motive for committing such a crime, but is forced to believe on the evidence of his own eyes that he did a deed that revolts him.

"That settled me. I decided to ignore the bolts and window latches and get at things another way.

"Then came my next point. There are various motives for crime; the most usual are money and love. I must find out all about MacLeod's manner of life, his intimates, and his friends, and see where they lead me. You, miss, were sitting before me. Could I make a better start than with you? That was why I wanted to know all about your relationship with the parties interested.

"In a moment you had told me something that brought two of our characters into close relationship. You had already told me how Mr. Medway helped Mr. Player to get to Devonshire. Now came your statement: 'Mr. Medway is one of my guardians'; and a little later: 'Mr. MacLeod's father was my other guardian.'

The office boy has an ill-tempered and miserly old uncle. That is not his fault.

"That set me thinking. There was a basis of relationship between these two men. More than that, guardians mean money. Money is the most frequent motive of crime. Before you left me I had decided to investigate the subject of your father's estate."

"Is that why you asked me all those personal questions, when you came to see me?" asked Edna.

"Yes, miss."

"I could not make out what my quarterly cheques had to do with it."

"They had a great deal to do with it, miss. I am sorry to say that you are a great sufferer. You have been robbed. How much do you think your father left you?"

"Two hundred a year."

"Well, you've got that still and a bit more, miss. But your father's fortune was more like twenty times two hundred a year till Mr. Medway started spending it. Your father left over eighty thousand pounds, and nearly sixty thousand pounds of that has been spent in gambling, Stock Exchange deals, and racing motor-cars.

"Inquiries like I made are not completed in a day or two. I had to act with great caution, and do what I would I could not get any really tangible proofs to work on till after Mr. Player's trial.

"Mr. MacLeod found something about your fortune among his father's papers, and though he wasn't your guardian, he was anxious to see that the trust on which his father's name appeared was being properly carried out. He seems to have had some unpleasant surprise, and to have asked Mr. Medway a few direct questions. MacLeod was not satisfied with the answers, and, I supposed, threatened Medway with exposure.

"You can imagine what that would mean to a man who might one day get into the House of Lords. Medway saw one desperate way out of his difficulty, and he took it. MacLeod knew his secret and had to be silenced. You know the rest."

"But the bolted door and the fastened window?" questioned Radford, eagerly.

"Ah! Miss Dunville explained that to me. Do you remember, miss, you told me something about Mr. Medway meeting Jepson at the door of the flat in the fog, the morning after the crime? Oh! you must remember that, Mr. Radford, you were present when Medway told about it, and Miss Dunville only heard Mr. Player's version."

"I remember," said Jack, a little hesitatingly.

"At all events," went on Dale, "I've heard Miss Dunville's 'hear-say' evidence, and it squared accurately with what Jepson had already told the police. The morning after the crime Jepson met Mr. Medway on the landing. He opened the door and left Mr. Medway in the hall. Jepson went into the two bedrooms. Supposing he was only a minute in each, he had left Mr. Medway two minutes alone to do a little piece of work that could be done in a second?"

"And what was that?"

"Latch the window."

"How do you mean?"

"Don't you see. After committing the crime Medway escaped by that window. He went down by the service-lift, a difficult and dangerous feat, but a possible one for a man of nerve. He could, and did, close the window, but to fasten the crime on Player he had to do more than that—he had to latch it as well. While he was standing for a moment inside the front door of the flat, he was quite close to the window, he had only to pull the catch and the thing was done."

"But, why?" asked Radford. "Why did he escape by the window at all? Why didn't he go out of the door and close it after him?"

"Because he would have had to unbolt the main door of the mansions as well. And that would have given the whole thing away. Don't you see? He wanted Player to wake up and think that he had done the deed—and that is just exactly what did happen."

Radford jumped to his feet.

"How do we know these things are true?"

"Because Medway has confessed them."

"Now that I can't believe!" said Radford a moment later. "Medway is not the one to give in without a fight. All that you have said takes some proving. Medway is a lawyer, and he would surely put up a good tussle before you fastened all this on him."

"That was my difficulty," said Copeland Dale, "and I'll tell you how I got over it. If you want to attack a foe always find out his weakest point. What was Medway's weak point? His ambition, of course. Was it not for that that he had committed a foul crime?

"So I said, I will just show Medway that his career is over, that his frauds have been discovered. My work here was not done by detectives. Two chartered accountants and a firm of bankers were my assistants.

"It was when Mr. Medway recognised that his embezzlements were discovered, that I sprang my second surprise on him. Frank Medway, Esq., M.P., the future Peer, might put up a fight. Medway the discredited swindler, gambler, and defaulting trustee, had nothing to fight for. With the calmest assurance he admitted the whole charge, explained to us how the deed was done, and surrendered——"

"What's that?" cried Radford suddenly.

They listened.

In the street they heard a newsboy.

"Arrest and suicide of a Member of Parliament."

CHAPTER XXIII.

His Confession.

MEDWAY left a written confession. The last hour of his life was spent in penning it. It was addressed to his ward, Edna Dunville.

It is too long a document to quote in full, but some of the passages are quoted as explaining some parts of the mystery.

"It was your money, Edna, that ruined me. I was ambitious and poor, and when Arthur's father died I was the sole trustee of eighty thousand pounds.

"I only took a little to begin, just enough to take me out of the drudgery of being the junior partner in a country firm of auctioneers. I had ability—I knew that—and your father knew it—that was why he made me one of your trustees. 'MacLeod will represent the caution and you the energy,' he said to me when he told me my name was on his will. I came to London. In three years I was a barrister, and had borrowed one thousand pounds.

"Then I became a public speaker. People flattered me. 'Go into Parliament,' they said, 'and you are made.' My first attempt cost your estate two thousand pounds. The second cost as much again, and I got the two letters after my name.

"Briefs came very slowly. I was spending a lot more than I was earning. I was in Society, and that cost a great deal. I had taken seven thousand pounds of your money.

"Then I took a mad step. One of my fellow M.P.'s told me one day that he had just made fourteen thousand pounds in a week out of Gold Mines. Fourteen thousand pounds! Twice what I wanted to put the trust right. I bought gold mine shares. But, alas! it was not to win money, but to lose it!

"I got reckless. The trust money was slipping away from me. My practice began to pay me well, but instead of using that to repay my borrowings, I speculated and lost again.

"A week ago I scraped together the last few thousands I could lay my hands on and invested in 'Salturian Gold Reefs.' This morning I saw they had dropped three points. They will go like the rest, I suppose.

"That young detective seemed to think that you still have twenty thousand pounds left. I am sorry to say you have nothing of the kind. You have what twenty thousand Salturian shares bought at seven shillings and sixpence each may bring you in. I have made my best reparation—a poor one. I have made my will, and left you whatever there is.

"I killed Arthur MacLeod because he found out the truth.

"I told him I would meet him at the club and explain everything to him. After midnight I went with him to his flat. The story I had told him had nearly allayed his suspicions. Player had retired for the night. The servant-man was away. I learned that Jepson was on his holidays in the morning, and I had brought a little bottle of chloroform with me, ready to do the deed that night, if I got a chance.

"Once in the flat I saw the whole thing clearly. MacLeod took me into his room. We had quite patched up the quarrel, and he was inclined to trust me. I took a moment's chance. I have a grip of iron. Almost before he knew it, he was being half-suffocated by the inhalation of the chloroform that I had poured on my handkerchief.

"I left him lying on the bed. I had to deal with Player. My work was not simply to put MacLeod out of the way. There were documents to search for and destroy. He had shown a considerable knowledge of your financial affairs. If he had any dangerous papers I had to get them.

"So I stole into Player's room. He made a movement as I did so, but I pounced on him with the chloroform. He half-roused himself, fought, and tore at me, but he soon subsided. He says he dreamed about a fight! No wonder. In his room I found a strange Indian dagger. It was with this I did the deed. Then I returned and smeared Player in a way that would make him think—just what he did think.

"I took away the papers I wanted. MacLeod was the soul of method, and they were easy to find. I tossed the room about and then locked, barred, and chained the door on the inside, and dropped the key in MacLeod's pocket.

"Closing a window, standing on a narrow lift, supporting one's weight by a pulley-rope, is nerve straining work. So is lowering yourself into darkness. But I never knew fear!

"Then I learned that you loved the man I had undertaken to kill. Heavens! What a battle I had with myself. But I did my duty by him till I saw you in court.

"That look of yours filled me with murder. I marked down that man who tried to kill him. A police officer called. Bantling had made up his mind that Mr. Radford had murdered MacLeod. I suppose I could never commit a crime inartistically. This Bantling's suspicions fascinated me, and I decided he should have another chance of proving Radford's guilt. I heard that you were in Brighton, and went there. Circumstances favoured my purpose. I had not intended to commit the crime then. But I saw Player with you.

"It made me murderous. An hour or two later, passing an old curio shop, I saw a second-hand life-preserver. It was dusk, and no one was looking. I snatched it from the nail on which it hung half tearing the [illegible] though in doing so. I tore the piece quite off and left it in my pocket.

"That evening Player and Radford parted in anger, and Player [illegible] alone above a low cliff. I crept behind him. As I struck he fell and the preserver flew out of my hand.

"I found that leathern thong in my pocket the next morning. [illegible] had been in to make those inquiries that are really revelations. I [illegible] Radford on some excuse and gave Bantling a chance of discovering a [illegible]

"Yet one confession more. I love you! If fortune had [illegible] shares rise instead of fall, I would have proposed marriage to you. [illegible] fate was against me."

CHAPTER XIV.

The End.

"SALTURIAN Gold Reefs £14 a share."

That was the state of the market when the brokers sold out [illegible] wedding day of Allan Player to Edna Dunville.

They jumped from 4s. 6d. to 29s. the day Medway died, and [illegible] day after. Medway's last speculation changed £7,500 into £280,000.

But the happy pair had other thoughts than of money that day. They were starting for their honeymoon. Jack Radford had lent his cottage [illegible] second time.

It was in "Lonesome" they lived those happy weeks; it was [illegible] Tor they spent hours of the day.

"Edna," said Allan one afternoon to his bride as they sat on the [illegible] "I've been thinking I'd like to build a bridge from this point to [illegible] one over there."

"Why trouble?" she answered. "We've done it in real life."

(A new short serial story entitled "The House of the Stranger," starts in next week's Whitsun number. Out one day earlier. One Penny as usual.)

But the office boy is very enthusiastic about the Fresh Air Fund. He would like his uncle to contribute.

How to Understand Cricket

This Article is for Those who Watch the Great Summer Game and do not Grasp the Odd Points.

IN the never-ending discussions as to why football is a more popular game than cricket one great obvious truth is always being overlooked. And that truth is that far more people understand football than they do cricket.

Excepting for the offside rule, football is a comparatively easy game to follow. Cricket, on the other hand, takes a great deal of study to grasp properly, and thousands never get the opportunity to learn cricket either as players or spectators.

They know in a vague way that there are such matters as leg-before-wicket, bump-ball, the off-theory, bowling over and round the wicket, and a dozen others in the game, but they never come to a true understanding of their real meaning.

If they understood cricket better, they would watch it oftener; and the aim of this article is to make clear those points most generally imperfectly understood.

First of all, with regard to bump-ball. A common occurrence on a cricket-field is for a batsman to play a ball up into a fielder's hands—point or the bowler usually get the ball—for the crowd to excitedly shout "Out!"—and for the batsman to go on with his innings.

Now, what has happened is this: the batsman in making his stroke, has played the ball hard on to the ground at his "block," and it has bounced or "bumped" up immediately. From the ring the catch may look a good one, and the players themselves, including the batsman and the catcher, sometimes do not know whether the striker is in or out. Only the sharp eyes of the umpires can decide that, and if the umpires cannot tell, the batsman gets the benefit of the doubt.

Probably half the appeals for leg-before-wicket made every season are disallowed. L.B.W. is a hard point to decide, for although a batsman may be "covering up" his wickets with his legs when the ball hits them, he is not necessarily out leg-before-wicket.

In ordinary bowling it will be seen that the ball is delivered in a straightforward manner—

ORDINARY BOWLING

The things the umpire appealed to has to decide are: (1) Did the ball pitch on the wickets (between the outside stumps)? (2) Would it have bowled the batsman?

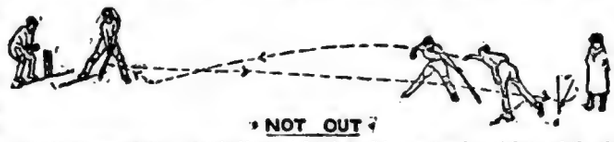
If a straight pitched ball is not breaking away too much to miss the stumps, or rising too high to go over them, a batsman who obstructs it with anything but his bat is out; if, however, a ball pitches off the wickets and breaks in on to them, it is impossible for a batsman to be out l.b.w. The great thing to note in a breaking ball is where it pitches.

The object of the off-theory, which a number of bowlers practise, is to tire out a batsman's patience. By bowling ball after ball well outside the off-stump the bowler hopes to make his opponent slash at it, mis-time his stroke, and get caught in the slips or at point.

You often see a batsman make no attempt to play balls of this sort rather than risk falling into the trap. But a wise bat always takes good care to cover up his sticks with his legs to off-theory bowling in case of an unexpected break-back ball coming along.

The fashionable googly ball can only be detected by watching the bowler's hand carefully. The whole secret of the googly lies in delivery. The ball is not bowled straight out of the hand, but over the back of the hand.

The bowler's hand is so turned that at the instant of delivery its back is practically opposite the batsman's face. By this hand-contortion a "reverse spin" is imparted to the ball, so that what looks as if it would be a leg-break is an off-break, and *vice-versâ*. The pictures in the first column show the difference of the delivery hand in googly and ordinary bowling.



NOT OUT

If a batsman drives the ball straight into his partner's wicket, while the latter is out of his crease, he is not out. If the ball had touched the bowler, or any fielder on its way, the batsman, out of his crease, would have been out.

It sometimes happens in a match that a batsman will hit a ball back hard and straight into his partner's wicket, upsetting the stumps while his partner is out of his "ground."

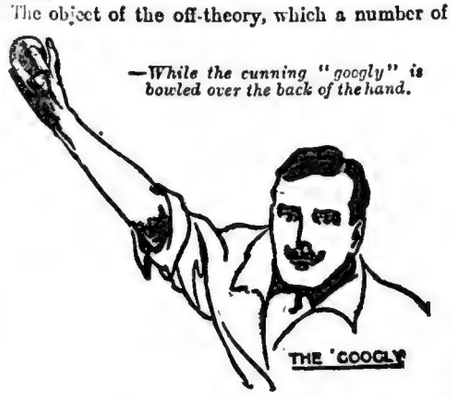
Now, sometimes this happening results in the partner being given out and sometimes not out, a point which mystifies the uninitiated. But the ruling in the case is quite simple.

If the ball goes straight into the "backer-up's" sticks without touching one of the fielding side in transit, the decision is "Not out"; if, however, it does touch a fielder—say, the bowler—in its progress, the striker's partner is out unless he is in his crease.

The use of a white screen behind the bowler, and why it is so frequently moved about during a game, may be a puzzle to many. The screen is to provide a steady background for the ball, and to prevent its getting "lost" to the batsman's sight in flight, and the screen has to be in such a position that the bowler's hand does not go "outside" it in bowling.

The reason of putting opponents in first on winning the toss is to give them the worst of the pitch—usually a damp pitch on which a strong sun is shining, making it possible for the ball to "grip" the ground, and break abnormally.

The heavy roller is generally used on a hard, firm pitch in order to render it as smooth as possible; the light roller usually on a wet pitch to "bind" it, but not to force out more moisture than can be helped.



—While the cunning "googly" is bowled over the back of the hand.

THE 'GOOGLY'

A NEW ELIXIR OF LIFE.

A FRENCH scientist, M. Quinton, claims to have discovered a new elixir of life.

It is no patent, expensive remedy either, being just ordinary sea-water. The ocean is his medicine-bottle. Anybody can go to it, and use it freely.

You do not drink it, however, it has to be injected. Everyone knows that the human body contains a large percentage of salt. You can taste it when you pop your cut finger in your mouth.

This salt needs constantly to be renewed. We eat salt with our food, and if we are deprived of it for any length of time various disorders afflict us. It is the salt in the sea-breezes which makes a voyage so invigorating, and which gave rise to the custom of "going to the seaside" every summer.

By injecting salt water into the system you get this benefit in a concentrated form, as it were. Wonderful results are said to follow when used on the ill, even the comparatively well feel better for it.

Already there are in Paris several marine dispensaries, and in two of them the new treatment is given free to the poor. Others have been opened in other European capitals. London is to have one this month, a well-known financier having generously offered to provide the cost of it for five years.

M. Quinton is said to have learned the secret from the Zulus, who have used salt-water injections from time immemorial. And the Zulus are physically one of the finest races of men on earth.

MAGIC ON THE SKIN.

A Wonderful Discovery which Made a Revolution.

THE twentieth century, young as it is, is remarkable for a host of new discoveries, but not one has been of more direct benefit in family life than the production of that magical preparation called Zam-buk, which has revolutionised the healing art.

Just as the latest quick-firing guns are a great advance upon the old slow type of muzzle-loader, so Zam-buk is a gigantic step ahead of the old salves and embrocations.

Because the skin is the most exposed part of the body, and is accordingly liable every day to an extraordinary variety of diseases and injuries, one needs to choose one's healing preparation with the greatest regard for its purity and efficiency. More healing, soothing and antiseptic power is stored up in one box of Zam-buk than exists in a thousand tins of ordinary salve. Read these other reasons why Zam-buk is the ideal preparation.

THE VALUE OF NOVELTY.

Many ointments have crept into use whose healing power has been entirely ruined by the introduction in them of cheap animal fats (which of course soon go rancid) in place of pure vegetable oils. This fatal defect of ordinary ointments, and the insistent demand for a perfect healing preparation, arrested the attention of certain famous British chemists, who set to work to discover something entirely new. In their investigation they decided to entirely avoid animal fats because of their courseness and rancidity, and mineral drugs, which dry up the skin and aggravate eczema and other diseases.

Where was the ideal preparation to be found? The thought occurred to these clever men that as Nature had given man the instinct to rub a place that hurts, so had Nature probably stored up somewhere in the herbs of her forests and fields the right substance to rub with.

FROM THE FOREST DEPTHS.

Inquiries were accordingly directed into the properties of certain medicinal plants from which could be obtained pure essences with astonishing healing and soothing power. After these essences had been properly refined and a way discovered how to bring them together and in what proportions—after this and a lot of scientific inquiry, there was at last produced a highly pure substance which was named Zam-buk, and which represents the unique healing, soothing, and antiseptic balm that scientists have been looking for for centuries.

Being entirely different from ordinary ointments, Zam-buk has many new advantages. There is nothing more permanently and more immediately effective than a touch of Zam-buk on a naked wound or diseased sore.

Even in obstinate cases of eczema, ulceration, blood-poisoning, leg sores or ringworm, Zam-buk's rich herbal juices penetrate to the root of the trouble, and quickly destroy the germs and poisons which cause these hideous diseases.

A SEASIDE TRAGEDY.

"It was while on holiday at the seaside some years ago," said Frederick T. Vincent, of 63 Wiesbaden Road, Stoke Newington, London, N., "that I used by mistake a towel belonging to another visitor suffering from skin disease. Soon after an inflamed itching rash broke out and spread over my face and neck and along my arms.

"For over three years this disfigurement was a serious handicap in my business, as people naturally didn't like meeting me.

"Then I yielded to the persuasion of a friend, a great believer in Zam-buk, to try this balm. Zam-buk seemed to soak through my skin to the root of the strange disease, and all itching was stopped, and the inflamed blotches disappeared.

"Then all over my face, neck, arms, and hands Zam-buk grew new, healthy skin, and to-day there is not a disfiguring mark to be seen."

A box of Zam-buk is a fine thing to have always handy both at home and at work. The proprietors are so sure of this that they will gladly let you test Zam-buk yourself, free of cost, before you buy a box. If you send a 1d. stamp to cover return postage to the Zam-buk mfg. co., Leeds, and mention *Pearson's Weekly*, June 1st, you can obtain a free testing sample of this magic balm.

What is his best way to get the ninepence or more that he requires? He is anxiously waiting!

Mr Rocky's Revenge

A Tale of Love, Luck, and Laughs.

By GEORGE BRYAN.

DICK ROCKY worked at the paper mills, and because Milly Dove, the young lady with whom he had been walking out for two years, threw him over in favour of Sam Danvers the foreman, he conceived a violent hatred for that lucky individual, and lost no opportunity of showing it.

The foreman was at first disposed to treat the matter lightly, but when Mr. Rocky's conduct became the occasion of a serious breach of discipline, he warned him that a repetition of the offence would mean "the sack"—on the spot. But Dick Rocky laughed scornfully, and in the presence of his workmates declared that Mr. Danvers could "do as 'e bloomin' well liked," and that he, Dick Rocky, hoped to soon treat himself to the pleasure of avenging his wrongs with "a punch on the nose."

Thereupon Mr. Rocky was ordered to pay a visit to the cashier's office, where he received the wages due to him and a further week's money in lieu of notice.

"I'll 'ave me own back on 'im!" declared Mr. Rocky to his fellow-lodger and friend, Ted Todgers, the same evening. "I've thought out a little plan which 'll bring us face to face with no one to interfere, and then we'll see who comes off second-best. If Milly fancies 'im after I've done with 'im—well, she's welcome; and I don't admire 'er taste, that's all."

"If a man sneaked my girl and then robbed me o' me job, for objecting, I know I shouldn't take it lying down," said Mr. Todgers sympathetically.

"Oh, don't you fear, old man! 'e won't escape the consequences," remarked Mr. Rocky grimly. "Listen, and tell me what you think o' this for an idea?"

Mr. Todgers disposed himself in a listening attitude, and nodded for his friend to proceed.

"'E's foreman of our paper mills and lives next door to the works, understand?" commenced the avenger. "Every night since they 'ad that big fire five or six years ago, it's been part of 'is duty to 'ave a stroll round by 'imself to see that everything's 'O.K.' It's generally eight or nine o'clock 'e does it.

"Well, one night when 'e gets there, to 'is great surprise, 'e's going to find yer 'umble waiting for 'im, quiet-like; an' yer 'umble's going to say to 'im in tones which won't leave much doubt but what 'e means business: 'Sam Danvers, you an' me is going to settle our little account now—on the spot; will you take off yer coat, or shall I knock it off?' Then the trouble's going to commence—for 'im."

"But 'ow are yer going to get into the works?" asked the attentive auditor; "now you've got the 'push,' won't the watchman or someone bar yer going in?"

Mr. Rocky smiled like a general who has foreseen all emergencies, and laid his plans accordingly.

"That was the only difficulty," he replied; "with the 'elp of a pal—say yerself—I can get over that. Every evening at five a van-load of rags goes in to the works. They are packed in big sacks, and after being weighed in are put on one side for first thing the next morning. *One evening I shall be in one of those sacks!*"

"You in one of those sacks?" echoed Mr. Todgers; "'ow are yer going to manage that?"

"Easy enough. Someone packs me up in a sack with plenty of padding, and wheels me on a barrow to the level-crossing outside the works. While the van is waiting to cross over the railway lines don't you think my sack might be quietly lifted from the barrow and put in along with the others, eh? I'll be weighed in with the rest, and when all's quiet, out comes my little pocket-knife, and soon I'm outside that sack waiting for Sammy to turn up. Oh; it'll be worth a little inconvenience and rough handling; will you lend us a hand with the barrow?"

"With all me 'art, Dick, and I wish yer luck; but I s'pose it's all right; this 'ere Danvers can't scrap, can 'e?"

"*'Im!*" exclaimed Mr. Rocky contemptuously. "'E couldn't fight a blanc-mange. And if he likes to fetch the police afterwards I'll do a month with pleasure."

* * * *

A couple of evenings later a van laden with sacks of cuttings from East-End tailoring and dress-making establishments drove up to the level crossing. Behind it followed a barrow containing a single sack pulled by Mr. Todgers and a youthful assistant. The driver of the van got down to hold his horses' heads while a train passed through, and when the van eventually crossed over to the works' gates an empty barrow was being wheeled away by the way it had come, and Mr. Todgers and his assistant were chuckling over some good joke.

* * * *

Mr. Rocky had promised to be home early, but when midnight struck without him putting in an appearance, his friend, Mr. Todgers, began to grow anxious on his behalf.

"I 'ope nothink's 'appened to 'im!" he muttered; "p'raps I'd better go to the police station and see if they've 'ad a big assault charge."

To the local police station Mr. Todgers repaired, and under pretence of being suspicious that a friend of his had been imbibing too freely of late, he inquired of the constable on station duty if he had anyone in the cells. The answer being in the negative, Mr. Todgers returned home and sat up with his pipe and a newspaper to await his fellow-lodger's return.

The morning came, but no Mr. Rocky, and Mr. Todgers now became thoroughly alarmed.

"I wish 'e'd never took up the mad idear!" he groaned; "and what's more, I wish I 'adn't been mug enough to 'ave a 'and in it. What with the worry an' losing a night's rest—I can't stand it; I'm off to the factory to make inquiries."

At the paper works Mr. Todgers inquired for Mr. Danvers on a matter of great urgency.

After some considerable delay the foreman came out to the gates. He bore no traces of the night's encounter, and seemed surprised at the nervous, anxious attitude of the visitor.

"Mr.—Mr. Danvers. I've—I've called because I'm rather anxious—about a friend o' mine'" stammered Mr. Todgers. "Rocky 'is name is, an' I wondered if you'd seen 'im as 'e's missing."

Mr. Danvers shook his head blandly.

"I gave him the sack a day or two ago, that's all I know about him," he replied, "and he ought to be ashamed of himself for the way he——"

"But 'e came 'ere—last night—to—to see you!" broke in Mr. Todgers.

"To see me?" queried the foreman incredulously. "What on earth did he want to see me about?"

"I'll make a clean breast of it!" ejaculated Mr. Todgers desperately. "'E wanted to pay you out for sacking 'im an'—an' something else 'e said you did, so 'e—'e got me to tie 'im up in a sack an' put 'im in the van that came into your works at five o'clock."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Danvers. "Are you raving? Say that again. When did he come?"

"At five o'clock, along with a load o' rags in a sack."

"You're sure it was with the five o'clock load?"

"Sure as I'm 'ere, guv'nor; I 'elped to wheel 'im in a barrer."

"Poor old Dick!" exclaimed the foreman feelingly; "I'm sorry for him; he wasn't really a bad sort of chap only he had a hasty temper. What an awful end for him to come to—so young and all."

"*End* to come to!" echoed Mr. Todgers, an awful fear taking possession of him; "I thought you—knew—nothink about 'im."

"It's a terrible thing," went on Mr. Danvers hurriedly; "but that five o'clock load—the five o'clock load had hardly been weighed in when we got a telegram telling us that some of the stuff had come from an infected source, so I decided to take no risks, and at once gave orders——"

He stopped and looked pitifully at the awe-struck listener.

"You gave orders," repeated Mr. Todgers in an awed whisper.

"*To shoot the whole load into the furnace.*"

"What!" choked the horrified Mr. Todgers. "Dick an' all?"

"How was I to know? But now I come to think of it, I did hear a screech as one of the sacks was shot in. Couldn't make out what it was at the time——"

"Poor old Dick!" broke in his friend sympathetically. "I'm sure 'is last wish was that I should 'ave anythink 'e's left behind 'im at home. We was always great pals—Dick an' me."

"That's all right; you mustn't give way; and—and if you'd like to send me anything that once belonged to him—as a souvenir—I'd be pleased to wear it in memory of the poor fellow," said Mr. Danvers. "Good-bye—and, oh, I say! you mustn't mention a word about this to anyone, you know; it might mean trouble for me. It's certain to do for you—manslaughter, accessory before the fact."

"All—all right, sir—mum's the word; an' an' I'll send you 'is tie-pin."

* * * *

Mr. Todgers was sorting his late friend's belongings that evening when he heard the room door softly open. He turned quickly, and then gave utterance to a terrified shriek. Dick Rocky stood before him in the flesh.

"When you've done with my property, Mister Todgers!" growled the apparition.

"You—you are Dick, not 'is ghost?" [illegible] the frightened man.

"I'll make a ghost o' you if you don't drop 'ese things! What's up wi' you?"

"Mr. Danvers said you'd been thrown into the furnace—by accident."

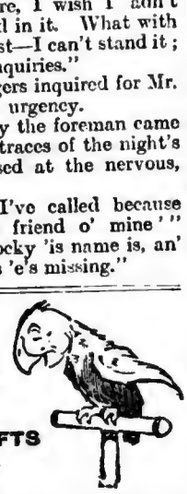
"Oh, did 'e? Thank 'im very much; I'd like to limb 'im. Got anythink to eat? I'm starving. If I 'adn't fallen off the tail-board o' that van when we got into the yard——"

"You fell off?"

"Yes; fell off an' nearly broke me back. An' never murmured, I didn't, till they picked up the bloomin' sack an' somebody says to somebody else: 'There's something solider than [illegible] 'ere'; an' someone else replies: 'Try it with a packing needle.' I wasn't going to be made a pincushion of, not for nobody, and I yelled blue murder. An' when I did tear me way out I found myself locked in the waste stores; an' I've only just got out after twenty-four hours' starvation.

"If you'd only put me in that van properly I couldn't 'ave tumbled out an' given the show away. But I'll be even with Mr. Bloomin' Danvers yet, I will, if I 'ave to wait—— 'Ere, are you going to put that watch an' chain down? I b'lieve you wish I was done in."

£5 FIRST PRIZE £5 IN CONSOLATION GIFTS



Offered in this Week's "Parrots" Contest.

Below we give a verse of four lines, and we invite you to complete this verse by adding a fifth line, which is to be a comment or exclamation by the "Parrot" alluded to in the fourth line of the verse.

This last line need not rhyme nor scan with any of the other lines of the verse, but it may not contain more than six words, nor fewer than three.

The line you add must have some bearing on the rest of the verse, and the prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best by the adjudicators.

The verse which we wish you to complete is as follows:

At the Derby young Softleigh thought he
The bookmaking business would try;
But when "backers" returned to be paid,
The Parrot cried, winking his eye:

. . . . . .

An example last line, which must not be used, might read as follows: "The 'old firm' is 'infirm'!"

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write the Parrot's comment on a postcard, and address it to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. Mark your postcard "Derby" on the top left-hand corner. Attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, June 1st.
3. To the sender of the attempt considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In addition, ten consolation gifts of 10s. each will be awarded to the competitors whose efforts come next in merit.
4. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

RESULT OF PAINT PARROT CONTEST.

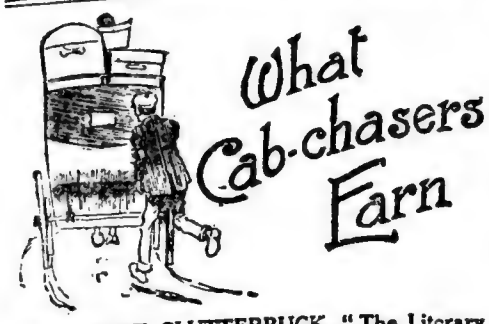
The prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest was awarded to CHARLES WARNER, 5 Bellenden Road, East Dulwich, for the following:

One evening when Gussie and Loo
Sat down on a seat in the park,
They saw not the notice "Wet Paint,"
Till they heard the old Parrot's remark:
"*Ma won't believe you kept walking!*"

Ten Consolation gifts of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

R. Chilton, 29 Cromwell Road, Grimsby; W. W. Cole, Elmstone Road, Ramsgate; J. Crichton, 63 Napier-hall Street, Glasgow; W. A. Douglas, 13 Hinton Street, Fairfield, Liverpool; W. Power, 33 The Avenue, West Ealing; D. V. Raines, 223 Newland Avenue, Hull; Mrs. Scott, 96 York Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow; A. Till, King's Road, Leeds; M. Townsend, 34 Porter Street, Leicester; J. H. Wheeler, 9 Dunbar Road, Forest Gate.

I will give half-a-guinea for the best suggestion. Mark postcards "Office Boy." (See page 868.)



By ALBERT CLUTTERBUCK, "The Literary Vagrant."

AMONGST young London beggars, running after cabs laden with luggage in order to help unload them on their arrival at their destination is one of the most favoured occupations, so much so that you will hardly find a doss-house anywhere inside the radius without its two or three cab-runners as regular lodgers. These men have their regular "stands" and "runs."

For instance, one set of "runners" congregates, generally in pairs, in the neighbourhood of the Marble Arch, Lancaster Gate, Queen's Road, and Notting Hill Gate. These call themselves Bayswater runners.

Those that frequent Baker Street, Gloucester Place, and Park Road call themselves Hampstead runners.

The Kensington runners hang about the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner, the Albert Hall, Kensington Church, Cromwell Road, and Brompton Road. In addition to these there are, of course, the station runners, who hang about the various great termini, and run anywhere.

NEED TO BE A TRAINED ATHLETE.

By the way, the cab-runner has a peculiar language of his own that outsiders are quite incapable of understanding. Even the stations are not given their proper names. Paddington he calls the *dog's hole*, Liverpool Street is the eastern counties, Waterloo is the *beat*, Charing Cross, the *bongor*, while Euston, King's Cross, and St. Pancras are all *top rails*.

Cab-running, as may well be imagined, is not an easy way of earning money. In fact, I may even go so far as to say that a man must be something in the nature of a trained athlete in order to engage in it, since distance is rarely any object to them. I have known men run from Charing Cross to Barnes, Acton, Chiswick, and other places equally far afield.

Indeed, it is a saying amongst cab-runners that the further the run the better the job, the reason being that the fare will, in nine cases out of ten, almost feel bound to accept the services of a man who has followed his cab on foot a distance of three, four, or more miles. He sees, on alighting, the runner standing there limp, breathless, panting, the sweat pouring off him in streams, and he says to himself: "Poor fellow, he has earned his job."

A runner, however, is rarely any good at the business after he has turned twenty-six or twenty-seven, although one man, known all over London as "Aldershot Jack," kept at it until he was past forty. He earned his name by following a hansom all the way to Aldershot, a distance by road of twenty miles or more.

A 20-MILE RUN.

A young officer hailed the cab in Piccadilly Circus late at night, and bargained with the driver to drive him to the camp, he having missed the last train from Waterloo. Jack did not know where the cab was bound for, but he saw there was a valise on top, and started to follow it.

After he had gone a little way the fare leaned out and shook his head. Jack pointed to the valise. "No good," cried the officer, "we are going too far."

"May I have the job if I keep up with you, sir?" answered Jack.

"Yes," laughed the officer, and lolled back in his seat.

Of course Jack did not run the whole distance. That would have been impossible. But he said afterwards, and the cabman bore him out, that the officer made him cover more than half the distance on foot. He would force him to keep up at it until he was just on spent, then he would let him clamber up on the step of the dickey and ride a spell, and so on.

The last three miles, however, he had to cover entirely on foot, and when the cab drew up at the officer's mess he swooned dead away. This scared the fare a bit, and he had him carried into the mess ante-room, where he and another officer, assisted by the cabman, dosed him with brandy, and rubbed him down with hot flannels.

Jack came to at last, and the officer gave him a couple of sovereigns, and declared that he was one of the "best plucked un's" he had ever come across.

Another well-known man who is on the same lay at the present moment is known as the "King of the Runners." His pitch is outside Victoria Station, where he has his regular clients, to many of whom he is quite well-known.

He has a wonderful memory for faces, as well as for trunks, valises, and so on. In fact, it is the "King's" boast that he can always recognise at a glance a piece of luggage he has once handled.

He will not deign to run after any and every cab that is luggage-laden, but waits for those with passengers that have come by the Continental boat trains. These he calls his "regulars," and he will fight for possession of them with any other runner who tries to "queer his pitch"; but as he is well-known to be very quick and handy with his dukes (fists) he is generally allowed to have his own way.

I have known the "King" to make as much as £3 a week in the season, and many ordinary runners will earn half that amount. The "King," like many other cab-runners, graduated into the business through running after the brakes to Epsom, Hampton Court, and Epping Forest, when a boy, and turning catherine wheels in the road for pennies thrown by the excursionists.

HALF-A-SOVEREIGN A REGULAR TIP.

It was while thus engaged that he was lucky enough to get into the good graces of a rich maiden lady, who is now one of his best clients. Her pet dog was nearly run over by a brake, and the "King" rescued it from under the wheels at the risk of his life, receiving in return her profuse thanks and a sovereign.

Afterwards, when he became a cab-runner at Victoria, he discovered to his great delight that this same lady was a regular user of the station, travelling six or seven times a year between London and Paris, and always by the Newhaven-Dieppe route. Of course, he lost no time in recalling himself to her memory, with the result that she always chose him to load and unload her luggage, and invariably rewarded him with half-a-sovereign.

This, I know, sounds somewhat incredible. But it is the honest truth, nevertheless. The lady is well known to all the porters and other railway men at Victoria Station, and it is her invariable custom to give a whole golden sovereign to the guard of the train she elects to travel by.

WHY CABBIES ARE NOT SO GENEROUS.

Another of the "King's" regulars, a gentleman, goes backwards and forwards every week, and always gives five shillings on each occasion. He insists, however, in return for this, that the "King" shall run all the way from the station to his house at Hampstead, a distance of between four and five miles.

Cab-running is, however, after all, a dying industry. It is not so much the coming of the "taxi" that has spoilt it, for these are not built to carry any great amount of luggage.

No, it is rather the growing custom of sending luggage in advance, coupled with the fact that the drivers of horsed cabs now earn so little money that they are glad to add to their incomes by helping to carry the luggage indoors and even upstairs on arriving at their destination, leaving their horse and cab meanwhile to look after themselves.

In the palmy days of cab-driving a "cabby" would never dream of quitting his box for any such purpose, not even if offered two or three shillings to do so, but would turn the job over to a runner, or if none had followed his cab, then he would hail the nearest loafer.

THE HOUSE OF THE STRANGER.

A new short and dramatic serial story.

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A series of articles narrating deeds of great heroism in famous mining and other disasters.

PINCHER'S PROGRESS.

A delightful series of funny episodes in the life of a burglar. Told by C. Malcolm Hincks.

ALL START NEXT WEDNESDAY.

A Simple & Becoming Blouse.

A pretty Blouse is always in demand. This simple and becoming one will please everybody.

If YOU make your own blouses try your hand at this one.

It is easy to make, and if made of the same material as the skirt, it would form a very charming complete dress.

It can be made of almost any material that is generally adopted for blouses. Crêpe-de-Chine always looks well, but cotton crêpe, soft silk, cambric, lawn, or muslin, are all equally suitable to the design.

One cannot have too many cool blouses in the summer, and a design at once so pretty and so easy to make will be useful to everybody.

This PAPER PATTERN is being largely advertised, so don't miss it by failing to buy your copy NOW.

Full directions, with various diagrams showing how to cut it out and make it, are given in the paper.

Remember, this Pattern is **GIVEN AWAY** with

Home Notes

NOW SELLING. DATED JUNE 1.

Price 1d. at all Newsagents.

What would you do if you were crossing a field with your young lady,— ☞

Quips and Jestlets

WE ALL DO IT.

"I HAVE a very low opinion of the great British public," said Cribb.

"So have I," agreed Crabbe. "What's struck you now?"

"Why, coming home to-night I came upon a tremendous crowd cheering excitedly. I walked to the front to see what it was all about, and would you believe it they were only looking at a dog-fight? A large bull-terrier and a mastiff were fighting like billy-o, and nearly fifty people waited for half an hour to see the result. How can sensible people be interested in these things?"

"I can't imagine. Did the bull-terrier win?"

Butcher: "Well, sir, did that large fowl I sold you do for the whole family?"

Buyer: "Very nearly. The doctor is still calling."

Husband: "Why are you crying so, dear?"

Wife: "Boo-hoo! It's father's wedding-present."

Husband: "What is it?"

Wife: "Why, a receipted bill for the gas we used when we were courting."

Poet: "Did you receive the volume of poems I sent you?"

Mrs. Gush: "Oh, yes. It was lovely. I wonder where I put it."

Little Jimmy: "You put it under the table leg, mother, to keep it from wobbling."

WORTH SIX AND EIGHTPENCE, ANYWAY.

"Do I believe in lawyers?" said the little man bitterly. "No, sir, I do not."

"Why is that?" somebody asked.

"Because," replied the little man, "a lawyer will never say outright what he means. He twists things about so. Suppose he wanted to tell you that two and two make four. He would begin: 'If, by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition, we desire to arrive at the sum of two added to two, we should find—and I say this boldly, without fear of contradiction—I repeat, we should find by that particular arithmetical formula hereinbefore mentioned—and, sir, I take all responsibility for the statement I am now about to make—that the sum of the two given, added to the other two, would be four.' No, sir, I do not believe in lawyers!"

Master: "John, my cigars seem to go very rapidly. Is it possible that you——"

Butler: "Certainly not, sir. I have still two boxes left from my last situation. I've no need to touch yours yet, sir."

Judge: "You say you have fished with your friend week after week for three years now, and yet you fought over a little fish."

Prisoner: "Yes, your honour. It was the first one we ever caught!"

Mrs. Poorly: "The grocer called here to-day with a bill nearly a year old. He was very impertinent about it."

Mr. Poorly: "Impertinent, was he? These tradesmen need a lesson badly. Well, he'll have to wait a bit for his money. That'll teach him!"

YOU'LL REMEMBER THIS.

JAGGERS and Snipson were walking home together when Snipson said:

"Wait a tick. I've forgotten something my wife told me to get."

"What is it?" inquired Jaggers.

"I've forgotten what it is I've forgotten."

"My dear chap, you can't forget what you've forgotten, if you remember you've forgotten what you can't remember."

"I know; but what can I tell the wife. Shall I say I didn't forget to get it, but I forgot what it was I had to remember to get? Or shall I say I had forgotten what I had forgotten to remember not to forget? She's sure to say I shouldn't have forgotten to forget it! Hallo! I remember now."

"What! Remember what you've forgotten?"

"Yes. It's a pound of sugar. I remember what I forgot, and I remember what I had forgotten I had forgotten."

Then a tired-out couple journeyed to the nearest grocer's.

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT.

"THAT was a remarkable hand you held just now," said the commercial traveller to his companion at cards.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair. But I've held a more wonderful hand than that."

"Really?"

"Yes. Once I was playing whist and dealt myself a hand of thirteen trumps."

"Great Scott!"

"And the funniest part of the matter is that I only took one trick."

"Impossible!"

"No, it's not. I played last and trumped my partner's ace. He was a hasty man, and before I could explain matters he lost his temper, and kicked me out of the window! Funny game whist, isn't it? My deal, I think."

"WHAT were the provisions of your uncle's will?"

"I was to have all his cash after the payment of his just debts."

"How generous! What did he leave?"

"Just debts."

Father: "I don't believe that young man loves you so much as he says he does."

Daughter: "Why, father, he writes such clear and sensible letters."

Father: "That's just it. Who ever heard of a lover writing sensible letters?"

Manufacturer: "I understand. You wish for some armour-plate which no cannon shot can pierce. We are turning out that kind of thing every day."

Government Agent: "No, no. You misunderstand me. I wish you to manufacture a cannon that can pierce any armour-plate."

Manufacturer: "Oh, certainly. We are turning out that kind of work every day also."

OUT WEST.

"WAITER, bring me a cup of tea!" cried the visitor to the Wild West Hotel.

"Tea?" said the waiter, looking very surprised. "Very good, sir!"

In due course the tea arrived, but without sugar.

"Waiter!" cried the tenderfoot, "Bring me some sugar."

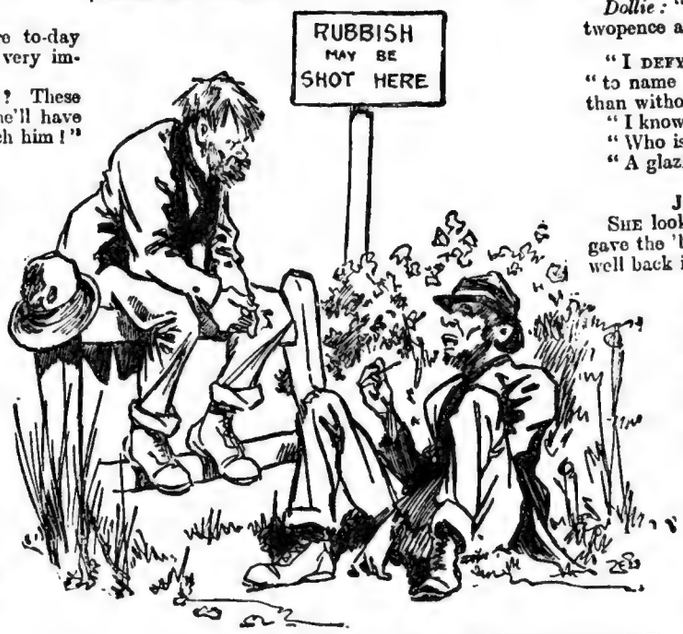
"Sugar? Yessir. In a minute or two, sir."

"I want it now—at once!"

"You can't have it yet, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because they're using the only three lumps we've got in the card-room upstairs. They've marked spots on 'em and turned 'em into dice. You'll 'ave to wait until they finish their game. Better 'ave beer, sir."



A TREAT IN STORE.

1st Tramp: "The doctor has ordered me a bath."
2nd Tramp: "You don't seem very upset about it."
1st Tramp: "That's all right. He's ordered me a mud bath."

SOLD ONCE MORE.

THEY met in a beautiful room in a large hotel. One of them was pale as a ghost, the other blushed red as a cherry.

Presently they came together, and although many pairs of eyes were watching them, they kissed.

They seemed perfectly happy, but only for a few short seconds. A big man swaggered towards them. His face wore a determined frown.

Raising the stick he carried, he struck one sharp blow. Oh, the pale one was sent spinning away.

There was no crying; no grief at the parting.

Nobody fainted. Nothing happened.

You see billiard balls are used to that sort of thing.

Adeline: "He's one of those men who won't take 'No' for an answer."

Maude: "Then what will you say if he proposes?"

Adeline: "I shall say 'Yes.'"

Wife: "Would you be lonely and miserable if I went away for a week?"

Husband: "No, not a bit, dear."

Wife: "Then I won't go!"

Percy: "What are you doing about your doctor's advice to take physical exercise, deah boy?"

Cholly: "I'm cawwying a heavier walking-stick, and I wear a larger buttonhole, chappie."

SWATCHING AN EDITOR.

"I HEAR Shakespeare got half-a-crown a word," said the poet to the editor. "Would you care to pay me that?"

"No, I should not," declared the editor. "Still, I don't mind paying half-a-crown a line. Would that do?"

"Fine!" declared the poet. "I'll be in again to-morrow." The next day he turned up with the following:

John	John
Yearns,	Pops.
Jane	Jane
Turns	Stops,
Eyes	Both
Meet,	Wed,
Love	'Nuff
Sweet.	Said.

"That fellow's got too big a brain for a poet," sighed the editor, as he asked the cashier to pay him two pounds.

Sister: "If you aren't good I'll tell mamma, then she'll tell papa, and he'll whip you."

Freddy: "Then I'll cry, and grandfather will give me some sweets, and I won't give you any."

Mrs. Musek: "Dollie, why don't you practice your playing. I said I'd give you a penny an hour to do so."

Dollie: "Yes, mother; but father's promised me twopence an hour if I sit still on the piano-stool."

"I DEFY anyone," roared the teetotal lecturer, "to name a man who works better with his glass than without it."

"I know one," said a quiet man in the front row.

"Who is that?"

"A glazier."

JUMPED AT CONCLUSIONS.

SHE looked a troublesome customer; at least she gave the 'bus conductor that impression, as she sat well back in her seat, gazing haughtily before her.

"All fares, please! You'll have to pay for that boy, madam," cried the conductor, pointing to a youngster who was seated beside the haughty lady.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," snapped the lady, setting her lips together.

"You must. Come, no nonsense. Pay his fare."

"I shall not."

"Come, madam. Look at the boy. How old does he look?"

"About ten years, I should think."

"And you won't pay his fare?"

"I shall not."

"You are only asking for trouble, madam."

"Trouble, indeed! Why should I pay for the boy? I never saw him before in my life."

Then the conductor broke his ticket punch in his wrath.

—Who was carrying a red parasol, and you met a mad bull?

OUR KNOWLEDGE TESTS.

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 26.

(1) REAL EVIDENCE.

The prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to E. W. D. Cull-Williams, 1 Dr. Johnson's Buildings, Temple, E.C., who defined the above term as follows:

Real Evidence is evidence drawn from the condition of a thing, as against "Personal" evidence, which is evidence drawn from the statement of a human being. Thus, a bloodstained knife is "real" evidence of its being bloodstained; a man's statement of its condition is "personal" evidence of the fact.

(2) TRADE BOUNTY.

The explanation selected as the best was received from D. Young, 3 Lochies Place, Burntisland, Fife, and was thus expressed:

Trade Bounty is a premium offered by any Government to encourage some branch of industry, the home producer being thereby favoured as compared with the foreigner in the same department. The matter of trade bounties constitutes a large part of the controversy "Free Trade v. 'Fair' Trade."

(3) SPARTAN TRAINING.

The winner in this contest was Mrs. A. F. Boyd, Lifford, Ennis, co. Clare, Ireland, who has been awarded the prize for the following:

The youth of ancient Sparta in Greece were taught to believe that flinching under physical pain was a sign of weakness, and unworthy of a man. The term is now applied to any severe system of training which tends to develop courage and endurance in a high degree.

(4) WARD IN CHANCERY.

The winning explanation of this term was received this week from J. Rigby, 29 Flora Street, Spennymoor, co. Durham, who wrote as follows:

As a general rule, only an "infant" (a minor), with property, becomes a Ward in Chancery. The Court of Chancery appoints a guardian, subject to its jurisdiction, to apply the property for the education and maintenance of the "infant." No Ward in Chancery can marry without permission of the Court.

(5) CUI BONO.

This phrase was best defined by C. T. Shearsmith, 7 Wesley Terrace, South Parade, Hull, and was in the following terms:

"Cui bono" is a Latin phrase meaning "Who benefited?" It is derived from the Roman legal maxim that the easiest means of discovering the author of a crime was to find out "who benefited" by it. It is often wrongly used to mean, "What is the good of it?"

(6) AS THE LAWS OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

E. H. Simpson, 12 Alexandra Road, Penn, Wolverhampton, supplied the winning definition of this expression, which was thus worded:

Oriental kings claimed to be divine personages, and their utterances were assumed to be infallible. A reversal of a decree would have been regarded as a sign of human infirmity. Thus "the laws of the Medes and Persians," when once sealed with the King's ring, were unalterable.

DO YOU LIKE MONEY?

If so, why not enter for the following very simple competition. Below you will find a list of six idioms or phrases, the majority of which you have often seen in your daily paper. You have even used them yourself. And yet you would probably find a certain difficulty in accurately explaining them.

All you really need to do is to think precisely instead of carelessly. Write down from memory half-a-dozen sentences in which you have heard the phrases used, and then deduce the exact meaning and send it into us.

If your explanation is the clearest submitted you will receive half-a-guinea. Use commonsense language.

1. *To throw up the Sponge.*
2. *S.P.Q.R.*
3. *Pidgin English.*
4. *Oyer and Terminer.*
5. *Tara's Hall.*
6. *Swan Song.*

I want all my readers to enter this simple knowledge test.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Thursday, June 1st. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

Bird's

— the Custard of Surpassing Excellence

THE refined, delicate flavor of BIRD'S Custard, which all children love, proves *purity*. You only obtain this in BIRD'S, the Custard of surpassing excellence; its delightful fragrance and rich, egg-like creaminess always appeal to the little ones.

Dr. Gordon Stables says:
"Bird's Custard never disagrees."
Take no risks. Accept no Substitute.
Insist on BIRD'S.

FOR COMFORT & APPEARANCE
GAMAGES
St. Andrew's Sporting Jacket
IS UNRIVALLED

This Jacket is becoming more popular and fashionable every day. It is ideal for the outdoor man and sportsman, being delightfully free across the shoulders, and is at once smart and comfortable. In various Tweeds, patterns of which will be sent post free on request. Just the Jacket to potter about in over the week-end. Suitable for all but the most formal occasions. Patterns Post Free.

Price **15/6** Breeches or Trousers to match, made to order, **9/6**

When ordering by post send chest measurement.

RIDING BREECHES
THE PERFECTION OF CUT AND STYLE **9/6**

Bedford Cord or Whip Cord. Button or Lace Knee. All sizes in stock. Made to measure at same price. Also made in Strong Velvet Cords 12/9

Button or Lace Knee, Leather Knee Strapping. Patterns post free. If ordering now, send P.O. with this form filled in.
Height; length inside Leg, ins.; round Waist, ins.; round Calf, ins.

A. W. GAMAGE LTD. HOLBORN — BENETFINK & CO. CHEAPSIDE

FREE TOILET SOAP.

The proprietors of the well-known Oatine toilet preparations are giving away for a limited period tablets of Oatine toilet soap absolutely free. They are doing this to introduce and popularise this well-known toilet soap, which possesses many special qualities.

Oatine Soap is manufactured from the purest materials, and contains no alkaline properties. Besides the tablet of Oatine toilet soap, the Oatine Company send a dainty toilet outfit containing samples of seven of the other Oatine preparations which will be found most useful. Readers sending 3d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the Oatine Company, 189 D, Oatine Buildings, Boro', London, S.E., to pay the cost of postage and packing, will receive these articles by return of post.

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS,
and, when writing to advertisers, please mention "P. W."

They all like "LAITOVA" Lemon Cheese when once they've tried it!

"Laitova"—"the new food dainty with the more-ish flavour"—has met with warm approval wherever it has been tried. More tasty and more wholesome than preserves, less rich than butter, more enjoyable than either, "Laitova" is an ideal food for children as well as for men and women. It is a real food with a high nutritive value—easy to digest, "Laitova" may be eaten for supper without fear of unpleasant consequences—for breakfast or tea "Laitova" affords a welcome change from butter or preserves.

Get a trial jar from your Grocer—he sells it in large jars at 6½d., and in smaller jars at 2d., 3½d., &c.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

Those experiencing any difficulty in obtaining "Laitova" Lemon Cheese should send name and address of grocer and 1/- P.O. or stamps to the manufacturers, and they will receive two large jars of "Laitova" Lemon Cheese—the new Food Dainty, and a pint packet of delicious Ekovah Jelly, carriage paid.

Sutcliffe & Bingham, Ltd.,
23 Cornbrook, Manchester.

I will give ten gold-plated Coronation spoons for best solutions out of the difficulty. Mark postcards "Bull." *(See page 863.)*

Driven from Home!

BOOK II.

THE TALE IN A NUTSHELL.

On the eve of Mimi Hume's wedding to David Inglis, the mother she has longed for since infancy—the mother who was driven from home—suddenly reappears, arriving late at night in a motor.

While husband and wife, united by the hand of their daughter after a lifelong separation, are locked in a loving embrace, there sounds a danger-signal from the motorist's horn outside. Mrs. Hume can remain no longer; for the sake of one she loves she is pursued by the police; she must go to the motorist at once.

Mimi and Peggy Fossall, her bosom friend, go with her. In charge of the car is Louis Death, who explains that the police are hot on the trail. There is not a moment to lose. He urges Mrs. Hume to get in the car. She hesitates. Peggy Fossall takes her place in the car, and tells Mimi to hide her mother in the house while they fool the police. The motor drives off, and the ruse succeeds.

The next day is Mimi's wedding day. Unknown to the guests, her mother is hidden in the house. It is the mother's fervent wish to see her daughter married. Peggy Fossall and Louis Death have already made arrangements that Mrs. Hume shall be taken to the church after all the other guests in such a way that any detectives who may happen to be watching will think she is merely a guest. But the guests themselves will not see her.

The ceremony is scarcely finished. Mrs. Hume is sitting at the back of the church. Peggy Fossall is just congratulating herself that the plan is working admirably, when she catches sight of Phœbe Kenyon, a vile woman, whose heart is set on the ruin of Mimi and her mother. Phœbe Kenyon immediately slinks from the church. But Peggy Fossall's fears are aroused, and as soon as possible she urges Mrs. Hume to hide for a while in the belfry.

Mrs. Hume takes this advice, and, by the cleverness of Peggy, eludes the police, and gets safely away in the motor-car with Louis Death.

They motor down to Devonshire as Betty's son, Steve, is serving a life sentence at Dartmoor Prison, and she is bent on helping him to escape. After many weeks of weary waiting one of Dartmoor's terrible fogs overshadows the prison, and, aided by Death, Steve breaks away.

When Betty has escaped from the belfry, Peggy takes the good news to the happy couple, who depart on their honeymoon in Paris free from all anxiety on behalf of Mimi's mother.

But their happiness is as wormwood to Phœbe Kenyon, who spurs on the crafty lawyer, Gideon Lang, whose dead son wanted to marry Mimi, to a dreadful revenge.

They have failed to separate Mimi and David, but their time will come.

On arriving at the Paris station Mimi, the bride, is frightened at the sight of an evil-looking woman, whom she feels vaguely that she recognises.

The woman turns out to be none other than Mrs. Mowle, *alias* Madame Frayle, the London beauty specialist and baby-farmer, wanted by the English police for murder.

The beauty specialist is hard-pressed for money, and one night seeing Crushington, the Oxford Street draper, in Paris, accompanied by two ladies, she follows.

They enter a grim-looking house; Madame Frayle waits outside.

A faint scream comes from the building a few minutes later, and the door being ajar, the blackmailer enters.

In one of the cellars she finds John Jarvis' sweetheart, Maisie, tied up in a sack and almost unconscious; and then Crushington appears at the head of the cellar stairs.

Crushington and Madame Frayle strike a bargain by which the unconscious Maisie is to be "left to" the woman. Together they get her from the house.

Meanwhile, John Jarvis, with a superior officer from Scotland Yard, arrives in Paris to track down Madame Frayle. He knows his Maisie is in Paris, and he is horrified when he receives a letter from her saying that she has been untrue, and he must forget her.

A thumb-mark on the envelope coinciding with some he has of Madame Frayle tells him that there is foul play.

He finds that Maisie has been to the Theatre Roche, and goes there with his superior.

An attendant tells them that Maisie left with a lady and gentleman.

The man is Crushington.

(You can now read on.)

CHAPTER TEN (continued).
A Man with a Big Diamond.

"What are you driving at, Jarvis?" questioned Colville sharply.

"May be wrong, but I don't think so, sir," Jarvis answered hoarsely. "I believe that Englishman to have been Mr. Crushington, of Regent's Circus—where my Maisie was working!"

Colville whistled.

"It oughtn't to take long to find out if he is—or was—in Paris, sir."

"One minute, Jarvis," said Colville. "Let's take things in order. Let's see if we can't trace their movements after they quitted the theatre. Remember who we're after!"

Another attendant was questioned. He remembered three persons, answering the descriptions given him, who entered a taxi-cab; but he could not say to what address they were driven.

Marchand, the French detective, spoke. It should be possible to trace the taxi-cab. But, of course, it would take time.

"What about Madame Rose next, sir?" asked Jarvis.

But when the three men reached the hotel, to which Maisie had not returned, they were informed that Madame Rose had left for London.

Jarvis gritted his teeth.

Everything took time, and in the meanwhile—his Maisie?

Even now, though Madame Rose had been proved a liar in her account of what had happened at the theatre and in her description of the man who had come to the box and claimed past acquaintance with Maisie, the French detectives working on the case merely shrugged their shoulders and murmured the words "*L'amour!*" Was there not the letter the pretty English shop-girl had written to her deceived English policeman-lover? Possibly many lies had been told in order to throw the deceived lover off the scent.

But the English shop-girl had perhaps gone to some rooms tenanted by Madame Frayle, so she was interesting. Had there been justification for the arrest of Madame Rose, it could have been effected by telegram, but so far she had only been proved guilty of lying. Colville, not Jarvis, was the superior officer. Madame Rose could always be found at Crushington's, and after learning of her departure Colville penned a dispatch to Scotland Yard, requesting that she should be visited at Crushington's and questioned.

The next thing to be done was to find out if Jarvis was right in his belief that it was Mark Crushington who had been to the Theatre Roche, and if the latter were still in Paris, to cross-question him. Here, again, from the mere point of efficiency, the French police were the people for this task, as they were for attempting to trace the taxi-cab.

John Jarvis returned to the Prefecture with Marchand and Colville. The French detective shrugged his shoulders. He would have the hotel lists scrutinised, and inquiries made for the cab. As soon as he had news of any kind he would telephone Monsieur le Inspector Colville at his rooms. Was not Monsieur Colville on the telephone?

"*Au revoir!*" With that Marchand disappeared into the building.

"They won't keep us waiting long, Jarvis," said Colville. "They're a smart lot, these Frenchmen. We'll get back to quarters. No use hanging about here, kicking our heels, while they make inquiries."

Dogged and silent, Jarvis went with his inspector. He might have set about looking for his Maisie on his own, then and there; but his common sense for all the terrible strain on his heartstrings had not deserted him. A telephone message might come through at any moment saying Crushington had been located or the taxi-cab found. To be out when it did would mean loss of time. He had always been a man of method, and though his quest now was for the girl he loved, he told himself doggedly that his chances of finding her were all the greater if he kept his head.

But it was hard! To sit still in strange lodgings, doing nothing, waiting for the ring of the telephone bell.

Buzz!

At last. Colville went to the instrument, listened—spoke—listened—and then translated to Jarvis.

"You were right, Jarvis. Crushington was in Paris, but left this morning, staying at the Hotel Boulogna. Destination Monte Carlo. Travelling alone. No woman with him."

"That's all, sir?" asked Jarvis through his gritted teeth.

"Yes."

Jarvis sat down again. He might have gone to the hotel and made inquiries about Crushington's movements, but in his absence the telephone bell might ring and news comes through that the cab had been found. Only let that cab be found, and he might obtain a clue to the destination of the trio; then he would be in a position to make investigations on his own, parallel with the French police inquiries.

He forced himself to make a meal. Daylight yielded to dusk. Dusk to night.

Buzz!

The telephone bell. Colville quick to the instrument. Jarvis on his feet.

"They've got him, Jarvis—the chauffeur!"

"Go on, sir. For Heaven's sake——"

"He's at the Prefecture now. This is his story. His fares answer the description of Rose, Crushington, and your Maisie. He was told to drive to the Rue Montpelier, Malmaison district. He was stopped before the end of the street, and the trio alighted and went on on foot. He did not see them enter any building. He's at the Prefecture now, ready to answer any questions. We'll get along and see him first."

They did. It was Paris by night now, the Paris of brilliantly-lit boulevard, open-air cafés, men and women taking their pleasure at little tables, sipping coffee, syrups, and bocks; strains of music. Reflected lights danced and shimmered in the waters of the Seine. The great opera-house blazed with lights.

The world and its wife seemed out for pleasure on this glorious night!

But the taxi-cab driver could only repeat his story, without supplementing it.

Marchand and other French detectives were present. Marchand, with a little smile not lacking in sympathy and a shrug of his shoulders—pity for the deceived English policeman—told Colville that detectives were already making inquiries in the district, had been dispatched immediately on receipt of the information.

Then he whispered something; it was to the effect that the neighbourhood was notorious. Many houses of bad reputation abounded there. The English shop-girl—he shrugged his expressive shoulders again. The chauffeur had stated that there was nothing to indicate compulsion being exercised.

Jarvis caught a word, and his face went grey.

"Here"—in English. "Don't you, or I'll ram that word back down your throat!"

His great hands had closed on the French detective's shoulders.

"Jarvis!" barked out Colville. "You're forgetting yourself!"

His hands dropped to his sides.

"But I'm not going to have that said of my girl!"

The French detective was showing his teeth. For a moment it looked as if he would slap John Jarvis's face; but he restrained himself, and again he shrugged his shoulders in a manner conveying pity. The bull-dog English policeman—Marchand refused to regard Jarvis as a detective—was out of his wits. He might be excused.

But, nevertheless, what he had whispered to Colville represented the police-theory concerning Maisie Rickards. There was no indication either of foul play or compulsion so far. It merely looked as if the gay life of Paris had claimed another victim. Doubtless, when Monsieur Crushington returned from Monte Carlo, he would return to visit his little bird in a cage somewhere in the Malmaison district. Naturally Mr. Crushington was not anxious that his little affair should become public property.

"You cannot do better," said Marchand to Colville, "than continue to entrust these investigations to us. It is plain that if it should be known that two English men are making inquiries, Madame Frayle—and perhaps she, after all, who is required—might be caught. You, *mon cher* Monsieur Colville, are more cosmopolitan, but your Monsieur Jarvis here—is he not very much the Englishman to look at? Whereas our type, I myself, personally, will not attract attention to ourselves, particularly as we shall take pains to use disguises."

That was sound sense. Colville told Jarvis. But when they had returned to their lodgings they did not enter.

"No, sir. I've something to go on now. I'm going to follow it up."

"You'll do more harm than good, Jarvis. Remember you're under orders. I'm sorry for you. I told you that before. There's nothing harder in the world sometimes than sitting still, but that is what you've got to do till I tell you otherwise. That's all, Jarvis."

Jarvis shook his head.

"Sorry, sir. Can't obey. You must do what you like, take what steps you like. Hi, cocher!"

He had stopped a cab.

"Jarvis!"

"Good-night, sir!"

Colville bit his lips. He wanted to keep the man. He was sorry for him, but this was the second time. This kind of thing could not possibly go on. If he had strained a point once, condoned insubordination, Jarvis now looked like doing harm, spoiling the work of the French police.

He stepped up to the cab.

"Jarvis," he said savagely, "I command you to

come out of that cab. This is your last chance. I've let you down lightly once because I was sorry for you. I can't do it again. I can't have you snapping your fingers in my face. Come on out!"

He caught hold of Jarvis' coat. Jarvis wrenched himself free.

"No! Maisie—every time. I may find her now. What's the other woman to me?"

Then to the astonished driver of the cab.

"Theatre Roche."

Colville snapped his teeth, went to his lodgings, gave a sigh, and wrote to the Assistant Commissioner.

* * * * *

"Mother's got you, dearie! Mother's got you, dearie! Don't you know where you are quite—what your name is, dearie? Where you come from and where you want to get to, dearie? There, there, don't you worrit! It will all come back to you presently, dearie. Lie down again and go to sleep. Nothing much the matter with you, to look at you! And your pretty hair covers that cut on your head, and it's not deep, and it'll soon be healing nicely with the stuff mother's put on it——"

"John Jarvis—John Jarvis——"

"Stop that, dearie, or I shall shake you—don't start that over again! D'ye hear? There ain't no such person as John Jarvis—you've only dreamed him. D'ye hear, hussy? No such person—no such person—no such person—no such person—no such person as John Jarvis; and if there was—drat and rat and drown him!"

And Madame Frayle, years back Mrs. Mowle, of Cricklewood, drink, fear, and cunning in her eyes, shook the girlish figure that she had raised up into a sitting position on a bed in an attic room, high up above the gaudy apartments of a house of crime.

The girl John Jarvis loved—was hunting for, praying for!

"No such person; and if there was—may he drown!"

"John Jarvis—John—Scotland Yard!"

The voice was a feeble wail, strangely eloquent of a mind almost blank, on which only a name and a place seemed to be distinctly imprinted!

"Stop it! You hussy! Stop it—or I'll make you!"

She shook her again.

"You're in clover here—if you only knew it!" she whispered next, changing her tones. "When you're better and things come back to you—you'll 'ave a high old time—nice dresses—wine—suppers—and gentlemen friends——"

"John Jarvis—John——"

"Drat and rat you—will you stop it! You won't? Then I'll make you!"

But there was no fear, no terror, in Maisie's blank eyes. She seemed not to understand.

Madame Frayle had pulled up her voluminous skirt, dived an unclean hand into a pocket in the petticoat underneath, and whipped out a little bottle.

She laid Maisie back on the bed, the girl offering no more resistance than a baby; then she drew the cork from the bottle, and put it to her lips.

"There, there, dearie! If mother was cross and 'asty with you just now, it's all over now. This will do you good, and give you a nice, refreshing sleep. Your head will be clearer when you wake up—only there ain't no such person as John Jarvis. And if you start shouting for him, there will be trouble!"

Then someone thrummed fingers on the door, bolted and locked on the inside.

Madame Frayle crept to it, and unfastened and unlocked it. The woman who stood outside was old, but painted and dyed, and gorgeously dressed. She whispered in French to Madame Frayle, and the ghoul of a woman whispered back jerking a thumb over her shoulder at the figure on the bed, already asleep.

"Quite safe here!" whispered the old hag, who aped youth with the aid of paint and powder and gorgeous clothes. "Only she must not make too much noise—the other girls might hear and wonder, and some are soft-hearted!"

"I will take care of that!" whispered the other ghoul. "Pretty, is she not?"

"John Jarvis——"

Madame Frayle darted to the bed.

But the murmur was barely audible. Maisie did not repeat it. Her face was quite peaceful now. She looked like a child asleep.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

Louis Death's Plans.

It did not take Steve Darrack long to change from the hateful prison garb into the suit of clothes Betty handed him, which had been hidden in the car. There was everything he could possibly want, from a neat pair of shoes to a tie, collar, and soft felt hat.

Steve would have pitched the hateful jacket and cap and boots, all branded with the broad arrow, over the car into the hedge, but Louis Death prevented him.

"They'd be found, and the police would know you had obtained a disguise. Wrap them up—and keep them. They may be useful yet."

He himself never guessed how prophetic his words would prove to be.

The pursuers had long since been lost to sight. Now the village of Moreton came into sight; the roofs and chimneys shining in the twilight; pale wreaths of smoke curling gently skyward.

Down the long straggling Fore Street the car ran. Slowly now; and yet more slowly until it seemed to be crawling.

Betty grew impatient and showed signs of anxiety. At last Steve Darrack leant forward and whispered in Death's ears. The latter had put on his blue motor-goggles again, straightened his coat, and was lolling back on his seat.

"A quaint old town," he said easily, as if replying to Steve. "I wish we had time to stop and explore! But I'm afraid we can only spare a moment to get a drink at The White Hart — quite a famous hostelry."

As he spoke he pulled up the car outside the door of the inn and called loudly for the landlord.

Just for a moment Betty wondered whether he had taken leave of his senses. He laid his hand on hers—and she remembered and her faith returned.

"A glass of cider and two brandies and sodas."

The host hastened to obtain the drinks, and when he returned Death kept him talking while he sipped the cider and saw that Steve Darrack and Betty took the much-needed stimulant.

He inquired the road to Exeter, listened attentively to the directions given, and then with a laugh, asked if anything had been seen of an escaped convict.

The landlord looked scared for a moment. "You doan't mean to say another of 'em has got away! Well I never then—they be gettin' that impudent! But they doan't often coom this road."

Death shrugged his shoulders and paid for the drinks. "We couldn't see what was happening, but we heard shots fired and we saw men running to and fro—and someone on a motor-car."

"They'll catch 'im right enuff then, sir. Gude night to 'ee. Gude night, mum!"

(*Continued on next page.*)

Oatine

Special Offer to Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

OATINE is of exceptional value to all whose livelihood depends largely upon their appearance. There is nothing so pleasing as a cheerful face and a bright expression. Unless the skin is healthy this is impossible, and it behoves everyone to do all in their power to preserve the delicate texture of the skin.

There is one remedy for unhealthy skin—OATINE. We make this statement without fear of contradiction. OATINE is a skin food. It nourishes the skin and quickly restores it to health. It does what soap cannot do, it gets down into the pores and cleans them thoroughly, it removes grime and blackheads. Rub a little OATINE on your face, you will be surprised at the amount of dirt it will bring out. Unless this grime is removed, skin-health is impossible.

OATINE is also of great assistance to those who already possess a healthy and beautiful complexion. It preserves the delicate texture of the skin, and promotes a soft peach-like complexion.

In the adjoining illustrations you will see how OATINE should be used, and face massage conducted. Full particulars of this are contained in our 50-pp. book on the care of the complexion, which will be sent to all availing themselves of the offer below.

OATINE CREAM is also of inestimable value to gentlemen for use after shaving in relieving the soreness and irritation which even the best of razors cause, it possessing special healing and soothing properties. It should be gently rubbed into the skin after the shave is completed.

For shaving there is nothing better than the OATINE SHAVING POWDER, which is manufactured from the finest ingredients, possessing special properties, whereby it lathers quickly, giving a free, smooth, lasting, and agreeable lather, which does not dry on the face.

All readers of *Pearson's Weekly* who are not familiar with the OATINE Preparations are recommended to take advantage of the Special Offer made below.

THIS TOILET OUTFIT IS SENT FREE.

OUR OFFER. In order that the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* may personally test Oatine Cream and the other Oatine preparations, we have decided to send FREE to all readers answering this advertisement, a Dainty Toilet Outfit exactly as illustrated, containing samples of seven Oatine preparations, together with an interesting 50-pp. book on face massage, showing how the face should be treated to remove the blemishes which so much disfigure the complexion.

Send to-day, enclosing 3d. in stamps (halfpenny stamps preferred) to cover cost of postage and packing, and you will receive the outfit and book by return.

The outfit contains a trial size of the following preparations: Oatine Cream, Balm, Soap, Talcum Powder, Face Powder, Tooth Powder, and Shaving Powder, together with a full size 2d. Shampoo Powder.

THE OATINE CO., 189a Oatine Buildings, London, S.E.

But if you were going to give his Majesty a present, what would you buy?

The car slid away and Betty Hume gave a sigh of relief.

The lamplighter was preparing to go his rounds. The tradesmen were closing their shops. A group of idlers gathered at the corner of the cross roads turned to stare at the motor.

Louis Death turned to the right, on the Exeter road. Once out of sight of the village he sent the car racing along again. After a couple of miles or so had been traversed he turned sharply to the left, along a rough, narrow lane.

He was doubling back!

Progress was slow now. They were terribly jolted and shaken. The light was failing. It would soon be time to light up.

No word was spoken. Mother and son sat close, close together. Louis Death bent over the wheel again, part of the machine.

After what seemed an age the car emerged into a main road again. Steve realised they were going in a northerly direction.

As yet no words had passed between him and Betty Hume. Unspoken thoughts in plenty; emotions, cravings, prayers. But the desire for human speech conquered at last.

"Mother! Why have you done this? I'm—I'm not worth it."

"I love you!"

She said the only thing to be said; and those three words contained everything. Love understands all things, bears all things, forgives all things.

"But if I am caught you will have to suffer, too!"

"You will not be caught, my boy." She nestled closer, smoothing his hands, caressing his body. Her son; flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone.

"Louis Death has made all the plans. He will tell you later. But when you are free—out of the country—starting life in a new world—remember this day. Think of your mother—for her sake, blot out the past. Start a new life, a new man."

"If I ever escape! . . . You speak as if escape were certain."

"It is. I know it! God has heard my prayer."

Darkness had fallen. Silence settled over the country side. Only the throb of the engines of the car. Presently lights gleamed ahead, twinkling far ahead like fireflies among the distant trees.

Louis Death stopped the motor and, getting down, lit the lamps. Just as he was about to resume his seat, he paused to listen. His quick ears had detected some sound which set the still air a-quivering.

A hum and a whirr, and a throb.

"There is a car following. She is coming at a great pace," he said quietly. "It *may* be pursuit. We'd better let her pass."

He ran a few yards down the road and flung open a gate leading into a grass field. Through this he drove the car, bringing it to a standstill beneath the hedge. Then he closed the gate.

And they waited, breathless, listening to the roar of the oncoming car. Death covered the lamps with the rugs just as it flashed past on the other side of the hedge.

Then he backed his own machine into the road again, and followed. When the outskirts of what seemed a fairly large town were reached he slowed down and threaded his way carefully through the streets. If the car which had passed them belonged to the police and was sent in pursuit it would probably stop and make inquiries.

He kept a sharp look-out for it. Presently he saw the lights of a large hotel with the words "Garage; Petrol," written in big letters over an archway on the left. He drove beneath the arch into a yard, and, stopping the engines, had his tank refilled and took in a fresh supply of spirit.

He evinced no hurry, but lolled about talking to the men employed. Some twenty minutes passed before they were on their way again. But nothing more was seen of the motor-car that had overtaken them.

When the open country was reached again, Death made Betty Hume open the basket of provisions and take a little refreshment. Steve ate ravenously. Death was content with a few biscuits and a sandwich.

During the next two hours he left the main road twice, finding another on each occasion. He was dropping down to the south-east again, steering more by the stars than the map.

"We shall have to go on all night—and next morning, too! I want to reach Bath. We may stop there the night or only an hour or two . . . it depends. But I think we shall have to part company there. Steve must make for Bristol and there take train for Liverpool. I shall be on the train also, but we will travel separately. I have a ticket for him on the R.M.S. *Candia*; first class. There will be luggage waiting for him at Batterly's, Water Street—in the name of William Hope. When we reach Bath I'll give you the ticket, some 'letters,' which may help to prove your identity as 'Hope,' and fifty pounds in notes." He paused a moment: "Now, try and sleep, both of you."

"But you——"

Death silenced Betty with a gesture. "You promised to obey, without questioning. Keep your promise."

No further word was spoken. The car fled through the night. To a great extent Death had to trust to luck and memory. Only once did he stop to consult a map.

Dawn was just breaking then over the Exmoor hills. Betty was fast asleep, her head pillowed on Steve's shoulder. But the latter opened his eyes and looked at Death.

The pale, thin æsthetic face seemed to resemble steel rather than flesh and blood in the cold half-light of daybreak.

"I think you are the bravest and noblest man I have ever met!" he said simply. "Come what may, I shall remember you to my dying day!"

"Remember your mother," Death whispered as he took his seat again.

At sunrise the car had left Taunton far away. Before midday the old city of Bath opened her sleepy arms to the weary travellers.

Just outside the city Louis Death stopped the car.

"Here we part," he said quietly. "You and I"—to Steve—"will meet again at Bristol. You must walk from here to the station and take the train with your mother direct to that city. Engage rooms at some quiet lodging for the night. In the morning you, Steve, must leave your lodgings alone. The train starts at nine-thirty. Don't look for me. If by any chance I am—detained—you will know how to act on reaching Liverpool. There are full written instructions in that valise, which you must take with you. And now, for the moment, *au revoir*. Be fearless, and you won't be suspected. I shall be close at hand during the next twelve hours, though unseen!"

He handed Steve the valise and the little bundle which contained the convict clothes.

"Am I to take these?" Darrack asked in a surprised tone of voice.

Death nodded. "Yes . . . they may be useful. Don't be afraid!"

He sat sphinx-like in the car and watched them out of sight. But when they had disappeared he still sat before the wheel, quite still, like a figure of stone or steel—or death.

His head had drooped forward, resting on his hands.

Nature was having her revenge. Mere flesh and blood, though backed by an indomitable spirit, could stand no more.

Louis Death was asleep.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

"You shall not enter Here!"

For the first time since his almost miraculous escape from Dartmoor Steve Darrack realised his position and the danger which still threatened him. While he had been pursued the excitement fed body and brain, kept him mentally braced up. Only the veriest craven would consciously have thought of danger or felt fear.

The old lust of battle, the joy of the chase—whether pursuer or pursued—still lies embedded deep down in every man worthy of the name. So Steve Darrack, while he worked in the quarry with a gang of convicts, enjoyed watching the oncoming fog, the sudden leap and wild rush into the enveloping bank of mist.

The whiz of the bullets which pursued him. That wonderful run for freedom; blind, desperate, hardly conscious of direction or distance; the thud of pursuing feet, the hoarse cries; the obstacles to be jumped, rivers to be forded.

Then sanctuary in the thatched roofed cottage, the game of hide-and-seek with the warders; the sense of victory as he was carried at fifty miles an hour in Louis Death's car away from the hateful prison, and still more marvellous, away from the vast moorland.

He had indeed escaped. It was necessary to remind himself of that fact again and again as he travelled through the noisy, bustling streets with his mother. For many men had made the same leap for freedom when the Dartmoor fogs had come to their aid, and scarcely a man had succeeded in crossing the barren land, getting beyond that vast circle of granite which marked the maps of Devon and Somerset.

Already it was as if he had accomplished the impossible. Those beautiful yet grim hills, and fens were hidden from sight. He was safe in the busy, bustling, Gloucestershire city.

Yet short as had been his period of incarceration he felt as if he were a marked man. It was with an effort he held up his head; he had to force himself to look men squarely in the face and meet their eyes without faltering. He found men glancing surreptitiously at his clothes, even at his hands, as if expecting to see the mark of the broad arrow printed there.

They found an open stretch of park, a playground for the children with a few stunted trees, some seats, and a small pond. Steve pressed his mother's arm:

"Let us sit down a minute and—and think. My brain's in a whirl. I've already forgotten what Louis Death told me. I'd like to read his instructions."

Betty Hume hesitated. Fear was following close at her heels now. Every man that passed them, every woman they met was an enemy: the atmosphere seemed full of suspicion. She would have been happier hiding with him in the wild places of the moorland, even though she knew the danger there was really far greater.

She felt terrified of her kind. Her hand was against every man, and every man's hand raised against him. She had known at brief intervals in her chequered career love and gentleness and forbearance; she had seen the best of poor human nature. Now she saw the worst. How brutal and pitiless man can be to those he has placed outside the pale, to those who have broken the law he has made for his own protection.

"Is it wise? Hadn't we better find an hotel to hide"—she checked herself quickly—"I mean wait there?"

But Steve led her into the open green space and they sat down on one of the iron seats. He placed the bundle on the ground, opened his valise, and found the instructions which Louis Death had written for him.

"Who is this man Death?" he asked, when he had perused them.

Betty gave a little wistful shake of her head. He opened her hand as if to suggest that he had asked a question to which there was no answer.

"I don't know. He's unlike any other man in the world. He's one who has been down into the depths, right deep down, one who has seen into the heart of things."

There was a short pause: "I married a priest as you know, Steve, and God forbid that such as I should judge any man. But it was his Godliness which discovered my past sin which drove me from him. It was just—oh, yes, it was just, and I think I know now because I've come back to you, my first-born, because yet I shall save you, and so perhaps in the sight of God expiate my sin. I may be breaking man's laws in so doing, I don't know anything about them.

She pressed her hands over her breast.

"I only know that deep down here there is the law of the mothers, the law of Nature stronger than man-made laws, and which only submits to the law of God."

Steve Darrack bowed his head. His eyes were suspiciously moist, but he was ashamed of them. "Mother—it's strange how in an hour a man's whole outlook on life may be changed and his character. If I escape and am allowed to make a new start I shall not fail you—or Louis Death—again. Whatever work comes along that I'll do. Just we'll wait. Just try to be useful.

"You and Louis Death have shown me the law of life. God bless you both."

Bending down he took her hand and kissed it reverently. Then shouldering his bundle and taking the valise, he went forward further into the heart of the city.

And Betty Hume walked by his side.

(*Continued on page 864.*)

SCOTTISH READERS' LAST CHANCE.

This week we make our last offer of free season tickets for the Glasgow Exhibition. For the best last lines for the Jingle verse on the entry form below we will give four tickets—two pairs.

The line that you add must rhyme and scan with the third line of the verse. The winning attempt in Contest No. 5, published below, will serve as an example how to complete the verse.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write your last line, together with your name and address, on the entry form below, and get the friend whom you nominate for the second ticket to sign his or her name underneath yours. Cut out the entry form, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed.
2. Mark your envelope "Exhibition No. 8" on the top left-hand corner. Attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, June 1st.
3. The four season tickets will be awarded in pairs to the senders of the attempts considered the best.
4. This competition is confined to readers resident in Scotland.
5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM. EXHIBITION CONTEST No. 8

Upon his van
Big Jock M'Cann
A "flitting" built with care;
Alas, they say,
A rope gave way

. . . . . .

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

RESULT OF CONTEST No. 5.

In this contest competitors were asked to complete the following verse:

Tam M'Nab
Once caught a crab
While rowing on the Tay;
His friends on shore
Began to roar

The two winning attempts, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

A wild "Gael" rose, folks say.

Sent by J. M'Michael, Eaglesham Road, Clarkston, Glasgow; who nominated Mrs. M'Michael of same address.

"You're in the 'swim' to-day."

Sent by John D. Pettigrew, 198 Claythorn Street, Glasgow; who nominated Jane Pettigrew of same address.

I will give ten automatic cigarette-lighters for the best suggestions. Mark postcards "Presents." (*See page 863.*)

365 PERFECT SHAVES WITH THIS RAZOR FOR ONLY 2/6

The New "Mulcuto" Safety Razor with One Everlasting Blade Shaves So Smoothly that it is Scarcely Felt.

The one and only cost of the Improved "Mulcuto" Safety Razor and 365 perfect shaves is only 2/6.

The "Mulcuto" has ONE EVERLASTING, FINEST SHEFFIELD STEEL BLADE instead of the usual frail wafer blade that lasts for only two or three shaves.

The "Mulcuto" gives more easy shaves, with less trouble and at a lower cost, than any other safety or non-safety razor in the world, yet it costs only 2s. 6d.

Hitherto men who desired perfectly safe and smooth shaves were confronted with two alternatives. It was either necessary to be shaved in a hairdresser's shop or to purchase a safety razor at a price of half-a-guinea to a guinea or more. The first way meant many precious minutes wasted in waiting, and then very often the shave with the same razor that had shaved dozens during the day was anything but smooth or clean.

"Mulcuto" blade is a real blade—a thick and practically everlasting piece of the finest Sheffield steel, hollow ground by the most expert grinders in the world.

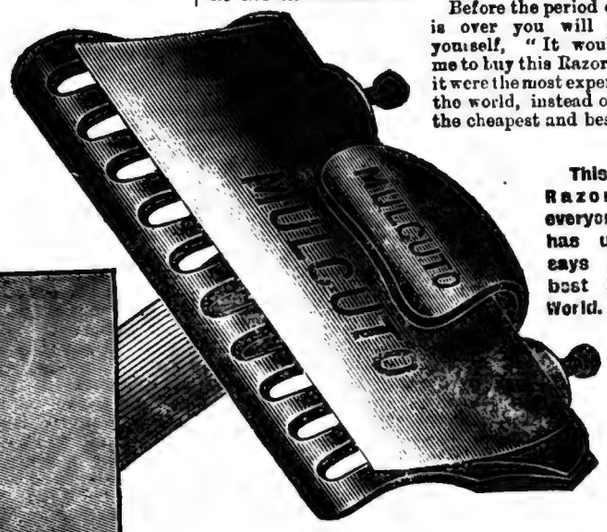
NO EXPENSE FOR NEW BLADES.

Constant expense for new blades necessary in ordinary Safety Razors is a great drawback to their use by men in moderate circumstances. The first, last, and only cost of the "Mulcuto" is 2s. 6d. The everlasting "Mulcuto" blade will last for years and do the work of hundreds of the frail metal wafers used in old-style Safety Razors. The "Mulcuto" blade is made for use and not to be thrown away.

GIVES A CLOSE AND EASY SHAVE.

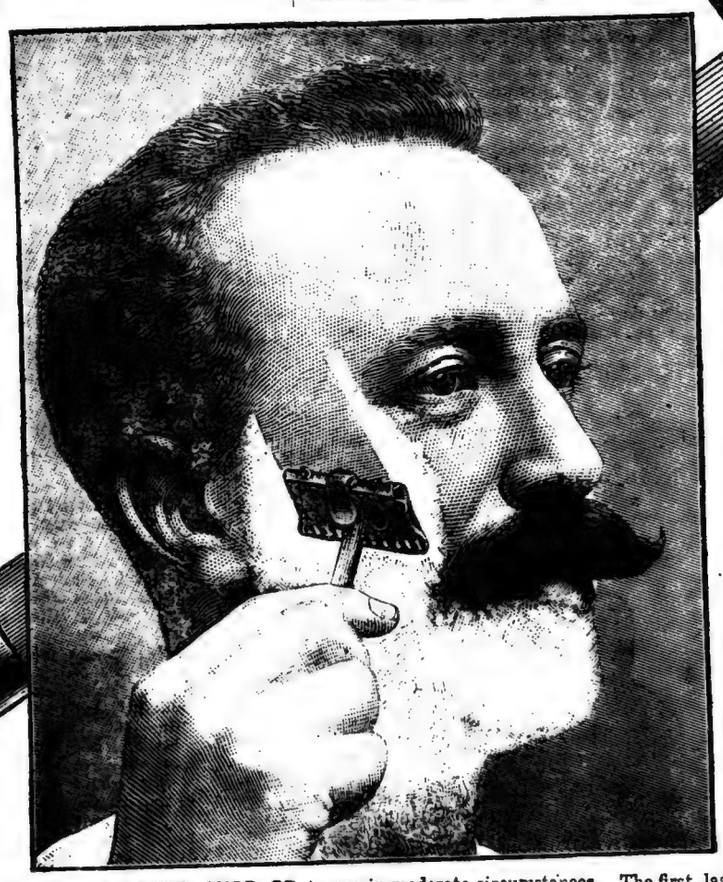
With the "Mulcuto" you can shave as close as you like with the utmost comfort. In fact this New Safety is hardly felt during the shave, and it leaves no soreness after the shave is over. **Send for and try the "Mulcuto" for 30 days at the manufacturer's risk.**

Before the period of trial is over you will say to yourself, "It would pay me to buy this Razor even if it were the most expensive in the world, instead of being the cheapest and best."



This is the Razor that everyone who has used it says is the best in the World.

Read the letters of users of this "Mulcuto" Razor in the book full of them that will be sent you with the Razor



Send for Razor on Free Trial To-day.

NO NEED TO WAIT IN A BARBER'S SHOP OR PAY A HIGH PRICE FOR A SAFETY RAZOR.

The advent of the "Mulcuto" has added another—and a better—to these two alternatives.

Get a "Mulcuto" for 2s. 6d. and you will neither have to wait in barber shops nor put an exorbitant profit into the pocket of an American safety razor manufacturer. You can afford the 2s. 6d. much better than you can afford either of the other alternatives.

Moreover, you can get one of these easy shaving new standard "Mulcuto" razors for a whole month without cost. If you post 2s. 6d. to the manufacturers you will get one post free by return.

After using it for 30 days, if you do not agree that it is the finest shaving razor in the world, return it and get your money back in full. This shows how much faith the manufacturers have in the "Mulcuto."

WONDERFUL SHAVING.

The shaving quality of the "Mulcuto" will be a delightful surprise to the man who is using it for the first time. This wonderful shaving quality is due to the fact that the blade is not the thin "scraping" wafer of the ordinary safety. The

MANY ARMY MEN USING THE "MULCUTO."

Army officers and men are using the "Mulcuto," and without a single exception they say, "There is no razor like it! We get quicker, cleaner, and more comfortable shaves with the 'Mulcuto' than with any razor we ever used."

Many officers have written to say that the "Mulcuto" is the "acme of perfection." Remember that you yourself can try it *FREE* for a whole month.

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The whole "Mulcuto" shaving outfit is packed in a neat case (supplied free), which can be carried in the pocket or in an odd corner of a travelling bag.

The Mulcuto Razor is made in two qualities:—

No. 1. With nickel-plated frame, price 2s. 6d.; or
No. 2. With heavily silver-plated frame, price 3s. 6d.
Nos. 3 and 4 in metal travelling case, with holder for stropping the blade.

YOU CAN TRY IT FREE NOW.

Now is your chance to shave with the "Mulcuto" *FREE* for a whole month. Send for one at once. For convenience you can use the coupon below. Fill in your name and address and post to the address given below with postal order for 2s. 6d. or if you prefer the Heavily Silver-Plated Frame send 3s. 6d.

If for any reason you do not want to keep the Razor after using it for one month post it back and your deposit will be returned in full.

But if you decide to keep it (as you surely will) you will have nothing further to pay. Send the 2s. 6d. merely as deposit now, and the razor and the 365 shaves (and more) which it will give you are yours.

Fill in, cut out, and send this Free Trial Coupon

USE THE MARVELLOUS "MULCUTO" FOR ONE MONTH FREE OF CHARGE.

To the **"MULCUTO" MANUFACTURING CO.** (Dept. 62), 31 to 33 High Holborn, W.C. (over Chancery Lane Tube Station).

Dear Sirs,—Please forward to me, carriage paid, by return, the "Mulcuto" Shaving Outfit (including Safety Razor), for which I enclose postal order for 2s. 6d. **upon the condition that you return the cash to me in full should I send the Outfit back within 30 days.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Send 3s. 6d. if you would like one of the Modele de Luxe Silver-Plated "Mulcuto" Razors on Ordinary Terms.

AGENTS WANTED.

Darrack went to the Hotel Europe; perhaps it was imagination, but the clerks in the bureau seemed to regard him with suspicion. He gave the names Louis Death had chosen for them with some misgivings: Mrs. Catalan and Mr. Stephen Catalan, mother and son. The sound of his own Christian name was alarming, but his faith in Death was implicit.

Death knew that the police in their search were on the outlook for false names and false relationship.

Steve gave a sigh of relief when the clerk told him the hotel was full, and instinct drove him back into a cheaper quarter of the town. Death had mentioned a hotel-lodging house here, one run on the Continental system.

It stood at the corner of a small square; the basement and square were occupied by a firm of linen drapers. The building was some four stories high, the upper part belonging to the hotel. The entrance was through a narrow door in a side street; Steve Darrack was given two comfortable little rooms, one overlooking the square, the other the courtyard at the back of the building, dark and rather gloomy. The tall chimneys of a jam factory rose high in the sky, shutting out most of the light, even that of the rooms on the top floor.

Betty Hume, of course, had the apartment facing the square. It adjoined Steve's room.

At the end of the corridor which gave entrance to the rooms there was a small back staircase which led through an iron door down into the shop; but this was not supposed to be used by visitors to the hotel, and the door was kept locked.

Betty sat down on the edge of the bed and held out her arms to her son; he knelt at her feet, and she laid her hands upon his head just as she had done when he had been a small, small child.

"Thank God—I feel safe here. This is better than a big hotel. I don't feel as if they could find us here."

Steve smothered his mother's hand with kisses; they had much to say to one another, those two. For that very reason, perhaps, they were dumb. When the heart is full words do not come easily.

Betty waited until it was dark before going out to make some little purchases for their dinner. She bought a bottle of wine, plenty of cold meat, some good brown bread and butter, a flask of whisky, and some plain chocolate which she insisted on Steve putting in his pocket in case he wanted it on his journey. She also bought him a thick overcoat and various little trifles which only a woman and a mother would think of.

They ate their meal together by the light of an oil lamp. From the square below sounds rose faintly. Someone, a sailor probably, was playing a concertina in the room below. Steve listened, a smile on his face as he commenced to play "Sally in our Alley." And then came "Home, Sweet Home," and a voice rough and fresh from the sea sang the simple and touching words.

Tears would no longer be denied Betty then, and fell fast and furious.

"Forgive me, my boy," she said, "they are tears of joy and relief. To-morrow you will start for your new home in the new world. Oh, if to-morrow were only here; even though it means our parting, it means the path of happiness for you."

And through her brain there floated the lines of a great poet; verses she had read when she was a young girl dreaming her dreams of love, just before fate threw her across the path of the dissolute Durward Kenyon.

"And sudden the sun rose over the sea,
And straight was the path of gold for him
And the need of a world of men for me."

Late into the night they sat together exchanging thoughts rather than words, mother and son. One by one the lights in the city were extinguished. The various sounds of strife, pleasure, and joy died away into silence; the stars came out and the moon rose and silvered the waters of the Avon. The oil lamp in the room flickered and went out.

"Good-night, mother, darling."

"Good-night, my well beloved son."

Nature was kind and gave to the man, the hunted creature, quick, sweet, sound sleep. He needed it. But the woman remained on her knees beside her bed and prayed. When at last she crept between the sheets she was too worn out to hear strange sounds which commenced to break upon the stillness and silence of the night.

A rending and a creaking as if men were breaking into the hotel. And a little later as she tossed to and fro in troubled sleep a strange suffocating scent drifted through the crazy boards rising from the floor below, little wreaths of smoke commenced to float about the room. Then came a sudden crash, the shriek of a woman, the hoarse cry of a man.

Betty Hume started up in bed listening, her eyes wide with terror staring into the darkness. Had daybreak come already? Something like a gleam of the rising sun came through the chink of the blind; it rose and fell as if the sun were dancing on the horizon: the noise of rending and breaking increased: many voices now raised questioningly, fearfully. She groped her way across the room. "Steve, my boy, quick—escape—for they have found us."

She thought the police had found them and were forcing an entrance. In the darkness she felt her son's arms about her.

"What is it, mother?" he whispered.

They clung to one another, listening. The pungent smell of the atmosphere was overpowering. Steve Darrack was the first to realise what it meant.

Before he could speak a cry louder than any that had preceded it rent the air.

"Fire!"

Steve rushed to the window of his mother's room and, flinging it open, leaned out. A great mass of smoke was puffed into his face; the breeze carried it away, a tongue of flame shot out from the first floor below. It silhouetted the square, shining on the uniforms of a couple of policemen, silhouetted the figures of men running wildly over the pavement.

The ground floor seemed a mass of leaping flame now. Betty heard the roar of fire. Men were shouting and gesticulating below.

"There they are! Look!"

She drew back from the window. Had they been traced to this hotel, had they been recognised?

Her first thought, her only thought.

Closing the window she fumbled for the matches and lit a candle. "Quick, get into your clothes, Steve, you *must* escape."

Steve Darrack hurried into his room and commenced to dress. In his heart he felt they were doomed, but he did not want to frighten Betty. She must be saved knowledge of the terrors of the death that awaited them.

It took him but a handful of minutes to slip into his clothes. Betty struggled into her skirt and bodice. She fastened the valise and put the bundle beside it. Then she opened the door of Steve's room and passed into the passage. Dense clouds of smoke reeled towards her.

"Mother, what are you going to do?" It seemed useless to try and deceive her any longer.

She ran to the head of the main staircase; the breeze was rolling up clouds of smoke and tongues of flame. There was no escape there. She struggled back choking and clinging to her boy.

The noise from the square was redoubled now. Shouts and shrieks, then a loud cheer. The rattle of horses' hoofs, the clanging of a fire bell. Back to the front window they both rushed and leaned out.

"Mother, we're saved! Look, a fire-escape!"

Betty's face grew white as death. "Not that way," she whispered. "Don't you see—don't you understand—the police! They may have traced us here. If they haven't they won't let you escape, they'll make inquiries, you'll be taken to some other hotel. Look, they're signalling." She clung to him frantically. "Escape that way means capture. Steve!"

He drew back and they faced one another.

Already the fire-escape had been run up. It was long enough to reach the top story. Men paralysed stricken had already leapt through the windows, some had been caught by the crowd below, others dashed to death on the pavement. Through the window of one of the rooms below a fireman tried to force an entrance, but the flames drove him back. Steve could distinctly hear the shouting of the crowd below.

"Higher up—there's no one there." He looked out again and saw the fireman gesticulating wildly. Then a sound from the room below made him turn round: a man and a woman were struggling towards them torn and dishevelled.

"Save us, save us," they cried.

The woman commenced to shriek.

"The floor below, the fire escape," Steve gasped.

The man laughed mirthlessly: "The flames—it's impossible." And, laughing insanely, he staggered from the room again, the woman with him.

Betty Hume caught her son's hand. "Steve, the iron door, the bottom of the back staircase. If you can get through that door you can leap into the courtyard outside."

"I can't leave you here, mother."

"You must," she pleaded, "it's my will. I have risked all and given all to save you—look, the escape!"

She thrust the valise into his hand. "Quick, for God's sake. There's a policeman following the fireman up. If we're found together—go, Steve—I shall be saved!"

He looked into her eyes for a moment, then pressing his lips to her forehead he staggered from the room. She watched him crawl along the passage to the left, he reached the back staircase and commenced to descend. The smoke was not so dense, but the flames roared beneath him; the woodwork quivered and splintered. Then a great resounding cheer from the square brought her hurrying back into her room.

She gazed from the window again. A ladder had been swung from the top of the fire-escape, it had just been placed in position below the window. A fireman was fighting his way up, another followed him; behind him a policeman.

The square was as bright as day now. It seemed full of policemen. A cordon was drawn round every street, and behind the cordon a great mass of people.

The fireman reached the window now, stretched his arms out. Betty drew back. He tried to shout but he was half-choked by the smoke.

He commenced to clamber into the room. She retreated, then she saw the bundle Steve had left, in it the dreadful convict's suit branded with the tell-tale broad arrow.

"Back," she shrieked—"back!"

She was tottering like a drunken woman, she was half-choked by smoke. A dreadful faintness seized her. If he saved her and carried her down they would take her to the hospital, they would discover her identity, even if this uniformed man did not know it already. Steve would be lost.

The fireman tried to seize her in his arms. He thought fear had turned her brain. "Come, for God's sake," he gasped, "the building's tottering."

But she caught his wrist and tried to force him backwards. "Back, back, you shall not enter here."

Then above the din and clamour and hissing of flames she heard a clanging of steel and iron; the burst as of a door flung open. And a wild laugh left her lips. Steve, her son, had fought his way out. He was safe.

The fireman had seized her in his arms. She struggled, he slipped; she turned and fled out from the room, into the passage, right into the midst of the smoke and flame.

The fireman reeled against the wall just as the head and shoulders of his comrade appeared above it. The man seized him and, throwing him across his shoulders, stepped down the ladder and slid down the escape into safety.

A moment later a fearful explosion rent the air, the building tottered, a tongue of flame leapt sky high; there was a crash of splintering woodwork and shattered masonry, the wild shriek of a woman and the smothered curse of a man. The front of the building collapsed, and a yawning fiery furnace was disclosed.

(Another fine instalment will appear in our Whitsuntide Holiday Number next week.)

"Back, back," shrieked Betty Hume. "You shall not enter here."

"Why is a matinée hat like ice cream?" Ladies only may tell me this. *(Turn to page 866.)*

FOOD PURITY.

The current issue of *Truth* contains an interesting article on the subject of purity of food supplies. In reviewing the methods of manufacture adopted in the St. Ivel factories, that journal says: "Undoubtedly if all articles of food were as carefully manufactured and as exactly what they represented themselves to be as those which I have passed under review, the world would be much healthier, wealthier, and wiser. The day may come when all foods are prepared under conditions as hygienically perfect as those which are so scrupulously maintained in the St. Ivel factories and warehouses. That day is not yet. Still, year by year science is becoming more and more the handmaid of diet, telling us what food we should eat, and telling the manufacturer how that food should be prepared. Unfortunately, it is not every manufacturer who listens to the biddings of Science, and does his best to fulfil her mandates.

"Fortunately, the manufacturer who does so usually meets with the reward he seeks. Excellence of produce is the usual result of obedience to the scientific behest, and excellence of produce, as in the case of the St. Ivel preparations, creates demand. It is a lesson which, sooner or later, all manufacturers of articles of food will need to learn for themselves, and if they neglect it, and find themselves distanced in the race for popular appreciation by those wiser than themselves, they will only have themselves to blame. The success which has attended the scientific methods of the manufacturers of the St. Ivel preparations is quite sufficient to show which way the wind of public estimation is blowing. The public wants its food pure, and it wants its food good, and when it realises that any particular food is both pure and good it will insist upon having it."

It would be difficult to give a more convincing tribute to the perfection of St. Ivel manufacturing arrangements, but on the subject of the dietetic value of St. Ivel (lactic) Cheese *Truth* is even more emphatic. "Everything which is humanly possible has been done to secure its perfect purity," says *Truth*, "and the whole process of manufacture from milk to cheese has taken place under ideal conditions. It will be seen, therefore, that considered only as a cheese, as the ideally constituted nourishment for body and brain, St. Ivel Lactic Cheese answers every test in manufacture which modern science demands for hygienically perfect production.

"Here, perhaps, it may as well be mentioned that St. Ivel Lactic Cheese has those qualities of palatability which are also necessary in the perfect food. Its delicate Cheddar flavour makes of it a *bonne bouche* to the most fastidious palate. Nor can the charge so often made in regard to the indigestibility of cheese be levelled against it.

"Above and beyond all these particular qualities, which may be shared in greater or lesser degree by any cheese upon the production of which the same care and attention are lavished, there is one in which St. Ivel Lactic Cheese stands alone and unapproachable. It is more than a mere nutrient. It is an active agent in the promotion of health and longevity, and it is this fact which entitles its claim to the closest consideration which it is possible to give them."

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Even the first wineglassful creates a definite and substantial degree of

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INCREASED VIGOUR

that fortifies the body and enables you to resist illness and regain a wealth of glorious health.

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A liberal trial bottle will be sent on receipt of the coupon below.

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Please send me a Free Bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

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DELIVERED AT ONCE.

THIS unequalled bargain is our most recent introduction. This suite is the outcome of a popular demand for combined comfort and style. Note the Louis style shape of the small chair, and the "All-over" upholstering of the Easy Chairs and Settee. This Suite looks rich in our Store, and will look even better in your home. Deposit will get it at *once*. Don't wait, order now. This splendid set is perfectly finished in walnut or chippendale colour; springs and stuffing are best quality; the Tapestry artistic, and the upholstering and woodwork thoroughly done. *Say what colour tapestry you prefer.* We pack free and pay carriage to you door.

If you don't require this offer, there may be some other furniture you want. Let us send you our Post Free Catalogue.

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DO YOUR ARTIFICIAL TEETH DROP when you are eating or speaking? If so, use Dentrufyx. You can dispense entirely with springs and wires by using Dentrufyx. Sent post free, 1/- P.O.—Dentrufyx Manufacturing Co., 85 Taff Street, Pontypridd.

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Home Notes Page

Conducted by ISOBEL.

DAINTY DISHES.

Potato Cheesecakes.

Ingredients: One breakfastcup of hot mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one new-laid egg, two tablespoonfuls of currants, one tablespoonful and a half of sifted sugar, and six drops of essence of lemon. Mix well together, and bake in a moderate oven.—(*Prize won by* MRS. A. LAUNDER, 3 *Clarkes Road, Gt. Wigston, Leicester.*)

Lemon-Peel Syrup.

Take three ounces of fresh lemon-peel, and soak for twelve hours in a pint and a half of boiling water in a closely-covered pan. Strain off the liquor, let it stand to settle, and pour it off to clear the sediment. Dissolve in it two pounds of double-refined loaf sugar, and reduce it to a syrup by heating it gently.—(*Prize won by* MRS. M. J. WILLIAMS, 27 *Ker Street, Devonport.*)

Sausages

Are excellent if cooked as follows: Place them in a deep piedish, cover them with boiling water and allow them to stand for a few minutes before frying them. They may then be cooked without pricking, and are a great improvement on the ordinary method. They will not disagree with invalids so easily if cooked in this manner.—(*Prize awarded to* MRS. MCKENZIE, 43 *Montpelier Road, Edinburgh.*)

Lemon Cream.

To the peel of one large lemon, thinly pared, add the juice of two lemons, half a pint of water, the whites of four eggs and the yolk of one, well beaten, with half a pound of loaf sugar. Stir the mixture over a slow fire, until it is of the consistency of cream. Strain, pour into glasses, and serve cold. —(*Prize won by* MISS IDA WILLIAMS, 8 *St. George's Terrace, Stoke, Devonport.*)

For Breakfast.

Tomatoes with eggs make a delightful dish. Remove the inside of the tomatoes, break an egg into each, and bake for fifteen minutes. Put the inside of tomatoes in a saucepan, with a little butter, pepper and salt. Bring to the boil, and pour into the centre of a dish, arranging the tomatoes round the edges. Serve hot.—(*Prize won by* MRS. G. H. CLEMITSON, 50 *Nevis Avenue, Strandtown, Belfast.*

A Delicious Rice Pudding.

Boil half a teacupful of rice in milk, until well cooked. Make a custard with the yolks of two eggs and half a pint of milk, sweetened to taste. When partly cool, add a wineglassful of sherry. Whip the whites of two eggs to a froth with two ounces of caster sugar. Put the rice and custard into a dish, cover with the whipped egg, and brown slightly.—(*Prize won by* MISS EVANS, 6 *Drover's Road, Lampeter.*)

Canadian Potato Salad.

Ingredients: Two eggs well beaten, five tablespoonfuls of milk, five tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and one of sugar, one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, and one of corn starch. Mix the ingredients well together, cook until thick, and add pepper and salt to taste. Chop some cold boiled potatoes and two small onions. Pour the dressing over, and serve cold.—(*Prize won by* MISS M. RAYNER, *Holly Bank Villas, Moortown, Leeds.*)

A REMARKABLE HAIR TONIC.

Considering the countless hair tonics and washes which are offered to the public, it is interesting to learn that the following popular chemists:—Boots, Cash Chemists, all branches; Taylor's Drug Stores, all branches; Timothy White & Co. Ltd., all branches, have secured the agency for a tonic of remarkable value as a hair grower and destroyer of the dandruff germ, and that they are authorised by the proprietors to return the money to any purchaser who is dissatisfied with the results after the use of a full bottle. This new tonic, Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic, was recently awarded a Gold Medal by the Vienna Jubilee Exposition, and our readers will readily understand the secrets of its success when they learn that it is made from Madame Meta's world-famous formula of Bay Rum, Lavona de Composee, Menthol Crystals, and French Fon Fleur Perfume. If you suffer from falling hair, baldness, dandruff, and itching scalp, dry, brittle, or dull hair, you should at once purchase a bottle from any of the above-mentioned Chemists.

The price is only 2s. 11d. for a large bottle. The chemists named, or any other leading chemist, *will give you a signed guarantee to refund your money if you are dissatisfied.*

CONCERNING BREAD-MAKING.

A BATCH of home-made bread now and then makes a very pleasant change for those who get nothing but the bought variety, and every housewife should know how to bake good bread. Here are a few hints you will find very useful.

The dough should be kept warm or it will not rise. Avoid too great a heat, however, as this will make it heavy.

The right temperature of the water or milk for putting the yeast in, and for kneading, may be obtained by adding one part of boiling water or milk to two of cold.

The flour and the bowl should be warmed before the yeast is added.

Do not make the dough too stiff. It should be just light enough to leave the fingers without sticking.

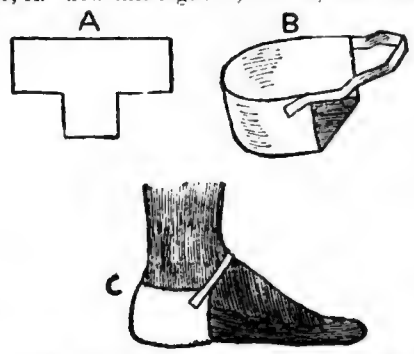
The bowl should be kept covered while the dough is rising, and should be turned round occasionally. It should rise until it is three times its original size before it is put into the tins, and be double the size when put into the oven.

The oven should be hot at first to throw up the dough and kill the yeast, then the heat should slightly decrease. (*Prize awarded to* MISS C. WOODMAN, 23 *Old Park Lane, Macclesfield, Cheshire.*)

PREVENTS HOLES COMING.

HERE is a little idea that will enable you to escape much of the labour of darning socks and stockings.

Cut from an old kid glove a piece of leather of the shape, A. Sew this together, as in B, and attach a



piece of elastic to the shield thus formed. C shows how the shield is worn, the elastic coming over the instep to keep the protector in position.—(*Prize awarded to* MISS G. TRISTRAM, *Southfield Villa, Whitwell, Mansfield.*)

JAM COVERS.

ECONOMICAL jam covers may be made by cutting the greaseproof paper, in which grocers wrap butter and bacon, into the shapes required. Dip the paper in milk before tying it over the jam, and when dry it will be found to be airtight.—(*Prize won by* MISS D. HAYES, 17 *Belvedere Road, Taunton.*)

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL HINT.

When stewing rhubarb, or making it into tarts, add a little bicarbonate of soda, sufficient to cover a sixpence, and a little grated ginger. This will take away the acidity of the rhubarb and greatly improve its flavour. When treated this way the rhubarb does not require so much sugar to sweeten it.—(Prize awarded to Mrs. E. B. Roy, 267 Bear Road, Brighton.)

TO LADY READERS.

HERE is an opportunity for you to win a splendid pair of scissors for your work basket.

As I've already announced, I want to see if you've any ideas or hints which will help to make this page of practical use to housewives, housewives to be, and mothers.

And I am willing to award a pair of scissors to those readers who can help me in this way.

Supposing, for instance, you know how some attractive and useful little thing for the home can be made easily and cheaply; write and tell me all about it, giving full and clear particulars; and if I decide that I can use it on this page, I will award you a pair of scissors.

Or supposing you have a wonderful old recipe, such as is not to be found in any cookery book, or supposing you have some brand-new idea in fancy work, or some brilliant way for saving labour in housework; these are just the things I want you to send.

Of course, it's no use sending ordinary recipes or ordinary hints for the home that have already appeared.

If you want them returned you must send a stamped and addressed envelope. Send ideas to "Isobel," care of the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Mark your envelopes "Hints." *ISOBEL.*

HOME HINTS.

Black Chip Hats

Will look much better if brushed over occasionally with the blacking brush. This will remove all dust and make the hat a good black.

Sea Salt

In a bath is most strengthening. Make a bag and put some sea salt in. Steep it in your bath, taking out the bag before getting in. Keep in a basin, and use daily till all is dissolved.

Suet Pudding.

When making a suet pudding mix it with very hot water instead of cold. This will make it much lighter and more digestible.—(*Prize won by* MRS. ARNOTT, *Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.*)

To Preserve Meat in Warm Weather.

Boil together for a few minutes one quart of best vinegar, two ounces of loaf sugar, and two ounces of salt. When cold brush it over the meat and hang in an airy place.—(*Reply to* H. B. P.

Discoloured Copper

May be cleaned thus: Make a paste of the finest emery powder and sweet oil, and scour the copper till perfectly clean. Wipe quite clean, and lastly polish with a little whiting on the cloth.

A Novel Idea.

Dry the peel of a lemon or an orange thoroughly, and place it in your tea caddy among the tea. This will greatly improve the taste and aroma of the tea.—(*Prize won by* MRS. M. TINNON, 36 *Fife Road, Darlington.*)

Japanned Trays.

The marks from hot teapots can be rid of by rubbing with sweet oil, and then polishing with dry flour. Small rounds of green stuff make excellent mats for use on these trays.—(*Reply to* BRIDE ELEANOR.)

An Iron Bedstead

May be renovated by rubbing with pumice. If this fails, buy a small tin of black enamel and repaint it. Mix a little turpentine with the enamel for a better result is obtained by two thin coats than by one thick one.

Dish Cloths

Are often neglected. They should not be in a dirty grey colour, and will not be if, after use, they are well washed with soap in hot soda water, and then hung in the air to dry. Boil them occasionally in addition to the washing.

A Polish

Which will be appreciated is made thus: Boil together half a pound of soft soap, a quarter of a pound of powdered rotten-stone, one pint of water, and one tablespoonful of paraffin. Mix well together and boil all well for ten minutes. Put into tins for use. (*Thanks to* CANADIAN).

Chamois Leather Gloves,

Which are now so much worn, must be washed in a warm lather. Slip them on the hands so that the fingers can be easily rubbed. Rinse in a weak lather. Squeeze out the water, then wring out the gloves and hang in the air to dry.

Your Serge Skirt.

Would very likely wash if done carefully in a lather, but I would rather immerse it in petrol and rub it well, then put into clean petrol and squeeze out and hang on the line to dry. This process must be carried out in the garden in a safe place, as petrol is highly inflammable and very dangerous. (*Reply to* T.)

To Clean Linoleum.

As your linoleum has stains of dirt on it, I would advise nothing so good as cleaning with paraffin. Take a small basin of paraffin and a loofah in preference to a soft brush, and scrub, and the stains will vanish. After this an occasional cleaning will keep the linoleum clean. Open the windows and doors, and the smell will quickly go. (*Reply to* MARIAN.)

NASAL CATARRH & ASTHMA.

THEIR COMPLETE HOME CURE.

Post Free to Sufferers who apply at once.

Just published, the second edition of a 48 page book fully describing Nasal Catarrh, Asthma, and Chronic Bronchitis, and how these dangerous diseases may be completely cured at home. The most practical work ever issued, and which should be in the hands of sufferers who desire to speedily cure themselves. The offer stands open for 30 days from this date. A postcard giving your name and address will bring you the book by return post. Address (Dept. C. 125.) Cassell's Co. Ltd., King St. W., Manchester.

I will give ten handsome pairs of scissors for the best answers. Mark postcards "Matinee." (*See page 868.*)

MY WORD!

KEAT

TINS 1d. 3d. 6d. 1/s

FLEAS BEETL

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book, a page hit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, sure. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, full assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St. London, W.C. Established 25 years.

BORWICK'S

The Best BAKING POWDER in the World.

HEADACHE, "10 minutes CURE."

In ten minutes your headache will be gone. Kaputine is safe as well as quick.

Dr. Andrew Wilson says: "Have examined the Kaputines and found them to contain nothing at all likely to prove injurious."

KAPUTINE

1 for 1d. (at Chemists, or from 'Kaputine' Lilley St., Queen's Rd., Manchester.) 18 for 1/-

FR

Mulcuto Saf

MY WORD!

KEATING'S KILLS

TINS 1d. 3d. 6d. 1/s.

FLEAS BEETLES MOTHS

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book, and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict courses, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St. London, W.C. Established 25 years.

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Dr. Andrew Wilson says: "Have examined the Kaputines and found them to contain nothing at all likely to prove injurious."

KAPUTINE

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Price 1s. at all Booksellers, or 1s. 3d. post paid, from A. F. Sowter, 28 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

FREE
Mulcuto Safety Razors.

See page 863.

See the Difference

made by Antexema. It Cures Eczema, Rashes, and Every other Skin Trouble.

You cannot look at the two illustrations without realising the extraordinary contrast. In the one picture you see the face of a skin sufferer who is disfigured, humiliated, and worried by skin illness, and in the other the same face is seen, but it is now clear, spotless, and unblemished. This wonderful transformation has been worked by Antexema, which will do as much for you as it has already done for thousands of others.

Nothing so detracts from the appearance as redness or roughness of the skin, pimples or blackheads on the face, or a bad complexion. Antexema is not offered to the public as a skin beautifier, though on this ground alone it ranks very high, and innumerable men and women whose skin was disfigured have now a clear skin owing to its use. Antexema does not plaster over or cover up skin blemishes, as so-called beautifiers do, but removes the disfigurement and, by rendering the skin healthy, restores the beautiful complexion with which Nature endowed you.

Before using Antexema.

Never forget the important fact that your skin does not become seriously ill without warning. Before any severe skin complaint attacks you, there are always signs that something is wrong. Eczema and such troubles do not get you in their grip without first of all giving you notice of their approach. The point for you is to heed Nature's warning. Do that, and you will escape skin illness.

Go and look at your mirror and see whether your skin is healthy. If it looks red, rough, cracked, or chafed, or if you have a rash, eruption, or breaking-out upon it, this is clear proof it is unhealthy, and that you should apply Antexema immediately. You will thus obtain instant relief, and the progress of your skin affection will at once stop, and you will start on the road to perfect skin health. At the same time take Antexema Granules to purify your blood, and you must make it an invariable rule to use Antexema Soap for both bath and toilet, as it embodies the fragrance, and healing, antiseptic virtues of the pine forest, and greatly assists your cure. By thus adopting the Antexema treatment you stop any threatened skin complaint and avoid future discomfort and disfigurement.

A common-sense remedy should at once dry over the affected part and form a convenient, invisible, air-proof covering which will keep out dust, grit, and germs, which do terrible mischief when they find entrance. A common-sense cure is one that will instantly stop the distressing irritation and burning pain, and enable a new and healthy skin to grow in place of an old unhealthy skin. This is precisely what Antexema does. That is exactly why it succeeds where everything else fails. Antexema is a cooling, soothing, healing, creamy liquid which, when gently applied to the sore, cracked, inflamed, or broken skin, dries at once, and thus becomes invisible, which is a very great advantage if the face, neck, or hands are affected.

After using Antexema.

Thousands of grateful letters have been received from former sufferers who have been cured of blackheads, eczema—both dry, weeping, scaly—bad legs, ringworm, pimples, barber's rash, and every other variety of skin illness. No skin trouble can resist the healing influence of Antexema. It cures every skin complaint, from the slightest to the most serious and advanced. Antexema cures baby's skin ailments just as thoroughly as it cures those of adults who have been tormented by skin illness for years. A little red spot, slight soreness, an inflamed pimple, intolerable itching, or something similar, are all symptoms that your skin is unhealthy. Adopt the Antexema treatment at this stage and you will nip the trouble in the bud. Neglect, however, will mean that the trouble will spread and become chronic, and you will consequently have to suffer much future discomfort.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or store and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis and Burrows', supply it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d Also obtainable in India, Australasia, Canada, South Africa, and throughout Europe.

If you wish to try this all-British skin-cure beforehand, sit down and

Sign This Form

To the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

Please send me booklet "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose 3 penny stamps, also Free Trial of complete treatment, consisting of Antexema, Antexema Soap, the great aid to skin health, and Antexema Granules, which purify the blood.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Pearson's Weekly, 1/6/11.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

My Whitsun Number—out one day earlier, by the way—will be a penny, as usual. But it will nevertheless be a very special number so far as contents go, for it will contain the opening instalment of the third of our popular series of short serial stories.

The title of the new story is "The House of the Stranger," and it tells of a will designed to bring terrible disaster to a girl after the will-maker's death, and of the dramatic events that immediately followed.

Then this issue also contains the first of a new series called "Duels With Death." These are thrilling and true narratives of deeds of heroism during great mining and other industrial disasters. It's a series that's bound to fascinate you.

And thirdly, as the parsons say, this Whitsun number will contain the first of Mr. Malcolm Hincks' new series of funny stories, entitled "Pincher's Progress." Pincher is a burglar with a sense of humour, and he tells some of the funniest episodes in his career.

TELE-QUIDS GOING STRONG.

Who's won all the money in the first of our Tele-quids contests? Have *you* won some of it? If so you'll see your name in the list of winners which we're publishing next week.

Meanwhile, have a try in this week's competition, which you'll find on the first page.

From the story told you, Jenkins, it seems, is in a fix. He promised to meet his wife, and absent-mindedly went to the Derby instead. What shall he wire her? "Winning new hat for you. Home later," might console the lady. "Postpone visit; sent to purchase consignment Epsom Salts," might, of course, get him out of the scrape, and, "Been kidnapped, terrible sufferings, returning at once," might soften a hard heart.

But there are lots of other excuses, one of which might win you a big prize. So have a try now.

"TO BOW OR NOT TO BOW."

A READER who chooses the dignified pen-name of TOPPY writes as follows: "I should like to have your opinion as to whether it is necessary to doff one's hat when meeting in the street shop-girls whom one has only previously met behind the counter."——

That depends on circumstances, TOPPY. If you have only seen the young lady once or twice, I should say that this is quite unnecessary, as it is highly probable that she will not remember you. But if you are a regular customer, and are sure that she will recognise you, there is surely nothing but snobbishness to prevent you doing so. Of course, you must not thrust yourself upon her and start a conversation uninvited. This would undoubtedly be the act of a bounder as she might not care to snub you for fear of losing your custom.

CONCERNING PROSECUTION.

HERE is a grievance that I fear I am unable to remedy. "In a recent article on the 'swatcher,'" writes C. B., "you gave sundry directions as to how to catch the swindler and give him in charge. That is all very well. But what I want to know is: Why should I bother to hand him over to the police? It means, firstly, that I have got to go to the police-station to make the charge, then that I must badger my neighbours to become witnesses, and that I must lose one day at least—probably more—when the case comes on. In the end I am probably victimised a great deal more than if I had been actually swindled."——

Of course, C. B., everyone knows that the existing legal system is far from perfect, and that, as a result of the difficulties you describe many criminals elude justice simply because the average man will not undertake the waste of time involved in prosecuting. Nevertheless, it is the bounden duty of every citizen to hand over a malefactor to justice. It is even a crime not to do so. And a man is a pretty poor kind of patriot who is not willing to undertake a certain amount of personal inconvenience for the sake of his fellow men.

THE COLLIE'S TREACHERY.

HERE is a chance to squash an old superstition: "We have decided that we want a dog," writes TOOTHY. "I should very much like to buy a collie; but my wife assures me that this breed is noted for its treachery. Can you tell me if this is really the case?"——

With all respect to the lady, TOOTHY, I can tell you that this really is not the case. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how such a superstition even gained such credence as it has. The collie is no more treacherous than any other breed of dog—that is, not at all under normal conditions. As a matter of fact, you could have chosen no better breed. The collie makes a first-class companion, is very docile and affectionate, and, as a rule, is quite remarkably intelligent.

CROPPING DOGS' EARS.

HERE is another dog query: "I have a young dog about eight months old," writes DOG-LOVER. "A few days ago one of his ears got badly torn; and the result is that he has now one ear much longer than the other. Can you or any of your readers give me any instructions for painlessly cropping the larger ear?"——

No, I cannot, DOG-LOVER. And if you have chosen your pen-name properly you will refuse to listen to anybody who pretends that he can. In any case, there would be no object in clipping the ear. If you wished to show your dog, no judge would pass him. The rules of the Kennel Club are very strict on this point, as it has been forbidden to clip even the ears of boarhounds. And all real dog-lovers will rejoice that this cruel practice has been stamped out.

When writing to me or entering for a competition don't forget to inclose a few stamps for the Fresh Air Fund.

THE USE OF THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

THE letter of PULCHRA will be of interest to all young lady readers of *Pearson's Weekly* who contemplate putting their hair up. "I am just eighteen," she writes, "and I have a number of young men acquaintances whom I have known since I was quite young. These all call me by my Christian name; but I think this ought to stop now that I am grown up. The question is how to stop it."——

I do not see how you can, PULCHRA, unless you tell them right out to call you "Miss Blank"—and they will be sure to think you very "stuck-up and standoffish" if you do that. Don't worry about it now, PULCHRA. When you are married they will doubtless have the good taste to call you Mrs. ——, whoever the lucky man may be. If they still persist I think you may with perfect safety leave the matter in the hands of your husband.

MINUS E.

As I pointed out in the Footlines the other week, the letter "E" is the most used letter in the alphabet; yet it is not indispensable, for in reply to my request for sentences in which not a single "e" should appear, competitors showed that they could compile not only sentences, but even paragraphs and verses.

Here is a clever attempt in prose: "If you find this a satisfactory solution of task laid down, to wit, to construct a grammatical composition of words disdaining all aid from a particular symbol, which is aggravatingly difficult to avoid, and which caution prohibits naming, kindly post along that automatic igniting apparatus."

CAN YOU ABBREV.?

ONE of the most amusing competitions I have had for some time was the one in which I invited competitors in the Footlines contests to make four line verses in which they should abbreviate as many of the words as possible.

Here is one competitor's effort:

"A 'tec. I reck. is never pop.
With gents. whose prof. is picking pocks.;
For 'tis his biz. such kleps. to cop.,
And curt. their lib. with strong pris. locks."

A second effusion reads as follows:

"A nov. was Tompk. at tenn. and crick.,
A duff. with racq., and at the wick.,
He couldn't cyc., or croq., or ang.,
But an exp. was he at manipu. the mang."

F.A.F.

THESE magical letters, as everyone knows, stand for Fresh Air Fund. The other week, however, it struck me that my readers might be able to make me some new descriptions of the Fresh Air Fund out of these favourite old initials, and, in response to my request in one of the Footlines contests they have sent me an overwhelming batch of suggestions, each of which is a delightful comment on the fund and its work.

"F.A.F.," wrote one competitor, "stands for 'Fairyland, Admission Free.'"

"Feel! Abstract!! Forward!!!" was the pithy advice of a second reader.

"For All Friendless!" was the description suggested by a third.

The awards in the Footlines contests will be found on cover page opposite.

COMING OF AGE AND THE F.A.F.

W. R. writes me a letter which has given me great pleasure to read. He says: "This is Coronation year, and the coming of age of *Pearson's Weekly*. Well, dear sir, as I have never contributed to the F.A.F., I think my time has come on account of this double event. Will you please accept P.O. for 15s. 9d., being 9d. for each year since *Pearson's Weekly* first saw light? Perhaps other readers like myself who have never contributed may do so."

Those are the very people I want to contribute, W. R. I find that I have a steady band of sympathisers with the children who help regularly year after year. I want ideas like yours, W. R., especially this year, to increase that band.

FRESH AIR FUND FIGURES.

Amounts previously acknowledged, £729 12s. 5d.

Rev. F. Dayrell, 9s.; Mrs. M. Parson, £1 1s.; W. B., 15s. 9d.; N. W. Roberts, £1; Two Cygnets, 1s. 6d.; "Sympathie," 2s. 3d.; Surreyites, 1s. 6d.; E. C. P., £5 5s.; S. S. Wokingham, 4s. 6d.; Five Black Watches, 5s.; L. McCabe, 9d.; Little Marian, 4s.; Will and Ida, 1s. 6d.; "Timely," 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Miss S. Stord, E. G. L., 1s.; B. Thow, 9d.; T. I. Jones, 2s. 6d.; A. 1s.; Cestrian, 1s. 6d.; Colin Campbell, £2; Howell, £1; Mr. and Mrs. F. Adamson, 10s.; W. and A. A. M., 5s.; E. E. A. and A. B. A. Ilkley, M. Hayward, 9d.; G. D. Buchanan, £1 1s.; E. G., 10s.; Miss N. Sternberg, £1 1s.; W. M. 2s. 1d.; P. Ridley, £1 1s.; W. J. Leach, 2s.; M. Burkitt, £2; Megan Watterson, 10s. 6d.; A. C. Bairn, 3s.; G. W. Freeman, £1 1s.; W. Wilkin, 1s 6d.; "Convales," £2; H. M. B., £1; Furze C. 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; D. M. P., 1s. 6d.; A. Girdle, 4s. 6d.; S. T. Fitzherbert, £3; R. H., 2s. 3d.; N. Birthday, £3 3s.; Rotherham, 6s.; C. F. Sugden, £1; Anon., 9d.; R. T. Wolfe, £2; Miss K. Hansen, D. F. R., 1s.; Amy, Cyril, and Dolly, 10s.; Field, 5s. 3d.; E. G. Abbott, 3s.; Devoir, 1s.; Pi 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Inglis, 2s. 3d.; S. B., 9d.; N. Griffi Mrs. Boldero, £2 2s.; Miss K. F. Skinner, £1 1s. Tom, 1s.; Sheffielder, 5s.; Mrs. Hare, £3 3s.; W. Topham, £1 1s.; W. A. Mackay, 8s. 6d.; Miss S. land, 9d.; W. I. Pryer, 4s. 6d.; Col. J. S. Pell, H. E. Evans, 10s.

COLLECTED: Some members of the N. Lonsdale C per W. Kennedy, £3; Capt., Officers, and Ship's C H.M.S. *Minotaur*, £12 14s. 1d.; J. E. Gunning, Canteen of H.M.S. *St. George*, £1 10s.; Ship's C H.M.S. *Berwick*, £5 9s. 2d.; Melville Allenby, Two collectors at Kingston, 8s.; Pupils of Bea and Netherbury Grammar School, £1 5s.; In a Sergts.' Mess, Windmill Hill, 9s.; Mrs. G. N. £2 15s.

Grand (*P.W.*) total, **£807 10s. 0½d.**

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on cards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must appear on these cards.

2. You may take part in any number of these fortnightly competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.

3. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are observed all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.

4. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, June 1st.

5. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

6. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prize will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

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Assets exceed - £2,250,000.

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T. M. B. ARMSTRONG, *Manager and Secretary.*

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Results of Footline Competitions.

"CUT" CONTEST.

[illegible]ERS were invited to write a four-line verse [illegible]ing as many abbreviated words as possible. [illegible]pes have been awarded to the following twenty [illegible]

[illegible]ans, 18 Dunkeld St., Liverpool; J. A. Fraser, [illegible]ol Rd., Moseley, Birmingham; A. J. Freeland, [illegible]th; B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; L. H. Griff, [illegible]mp, Crich; W. Hamilton, 11 Leicester Rd., New-[illegible]ton; C. E. Harrison, 49 Dentons Green, St. [illegible], Lancs; H. W. Holt, Hareston, Rochdale; A. [illegible]n, 57 Gladstone Rd., Watford; E. C. Lempriere, [illegible]bury Mans., Canonbury Place; H. M. Lovering, [illegible]urst Rd., W. Kensington; E. F. Lovitt, 162 Hoe [illegible]althamstow; J. H. McQuade, Clonliffe Rd., [illegible] A. G. Pittendrigh, 60 Denmark St., Heaton, [illegible], Mrs. M. Reid, 81 Sydney Rd., W. Ealing; [illegible] Saunders, 2 Edward Villas, New Barnet; R. [illegible], 46 St. Martin's Bldgs., Liverpool; P. Stevens, [illegible]swells Rd., Langley, Birmingham; W. H. [illegible], 29 Cardiff Rd., Newport, Mon.; B. Wallis, 122 [illegible] Hall.

"SALMON" CONTEST.

A PRIZE of half-a-guinea was offered for the best [illegible]stic letter supposed to be written by someone who [illegible]d a neighbour's salmon-tin amongst the primroses [illegible] his garden. The winner, A. MACLEOD, 68 Murraygate, Dundee, wrote as follows:

"Have duly received the salmon-tin you so kindly passed into my garden, and, while appreciating your consideration, I have failed to find any particular use [illegible] roller it is too small, the same [illegible]gainst using it as a water-butt or [illegible]ly wife assures me also that it is [illegible]sirable, while to wear it as a watch charm [illegible] remark. Again, though pot plants are [illegible] I fear the canned variety would not be [illegible]. So I have reluctantly passed it back. Since [illegible] so, I notice your cat seems to fancy it as a [illegible]—at least, it tries to get its head in (it will [illegible] more attached to it when your boy gets a [illegible]. Thanking you for your evident desire to be [illegible]."

"JOKEY" CONTEST.

[illegible] best fancy portraits of the joke Editor were [illegible]ved from the following, to whom fifteen pen-[illegible]ives have been awarded:

[illegible] F. Bromley, 55 Bright St., Wolverton; F. W. [illegible]n, 25 Radnor Pk. Cres., Folkestone; W. R. Capel, [illegible] Wood St., Eastville, Bristol; J. Cory, 68 North Row, [illegible], Barrow-in-Furness; J. C. Daly, 16 Arundel St., [illegible]ces Pk., Liverpool; C. H. Gaywood, 27 Tyrrell Rd., [illegible] Dulwich; Miss W. Hope, 13 Strathmore St., Leeds; [illegible] Jeffrey, 3 Melrose Ter., Dundee; W. H. Judges, 1 [illegible]ne Place, Canonbury; B. Leever, 40 St. Matthew [illegible] Barnsley; J. H. McQuade, Clonliffe Rd., Dublin; [illegible] Mathieson, 20 Rupert St., Glasgow; J. Riley, 16 [illegible] St., Liverpool; H. W. Smith, 143A Bell Barn Rd., [illegible]ngham; J. Worsencroft, 20 Meyer St., Cale Green, [illegible]port.

"EYEBROWS" CONTEST.

[illegible] twenty-five penknives for the best advice on [illegible]nt to do when eyebrows grow out of proportion [illegible]ave been awarded to the following:

[illegible] R. Allen, 15 St. Alban's Rd., Bootle; J. Allen, 32 [illegible]anwell St., Lincoln; E. Bardsley, Brookfield, Rain-[illegible], Lancs; J. Bury, 1 Ardilaun Terr., Dublin; B. C. [illegible]r, 13 College St., Swindon; A. N. Cogger, 31 Spital St., Dartford; L. A. Fawsett, Eastby, Kent; C. H. Gough, 117 Stanhope St., St. Helens, Lancs; S. H. Harvey, 18 St. Hubert's Rd., Gt. Harwood, Blackburn; H. Keen, 11 Heron Rd., Willesden; H. Macpherson, 93 Sinclair Drive, Langside, Glasgow; W. Powley, London St., Swaffham; H. Rattray, 3 Leslie Place, Stockbridge, Edinburgh; G. Reckless, 214 Elms Rd., Clapham; T. C. Richardson, 37 St. John St., Oxford; C. Roberts, 56 Ashford Rd., Swindon; J. Simpson, 4 Petch St., Middlesbrough; C. G. Sterland, 2 Ferrestone Rd., Hornsey; M. Volz, The Green, Winchmore Hill; A. Wallace, 17 High St., Airdrie; A. Williams, 35 St. Mary's Butts, Reading; C. H. Wood, New Inn, Brading, I. of W.; R. Wood, Lisburn; B. J. Wormall, 76 Summer Hill Rd., Birmingham; W. A. Yew, 82 Coldershaw Rd., West Ealing.

"APHA" CONTEST.

READERS were asked to construct sensible sentences by choosing words from the first page of our issue of May 11th, the initials of which should be the first thirteen letters of the alphabet, these letters being used in their proper order. Ten Coronation souvenir spoons have been forwarded to the following winners:

G. Allison, 20 Lavender Grove, Dalston; A. Atchison, 73 Lofting Rd., Barnsbury; Miss H. Bradley, Overton-on-Dee, Ellesmere; Mrs. Hackett, 51 Pool Bank, Port Sunlight; E. Hall, 26 Allerton Terr., Leeds; Miss G. Holland, 49 Bright St., Crewe; Mrs. E. King, 5 Bolton Lane, Ipswich; E. O'Neill, Carnlough, Belfast; G. H. Outlaw, 152 Roslyn Rd., Tottenham; H. Young, 16 South St., Leven, Fife.

"REMARK" CONTEST.

THE following are the winners of the ten cigar-cutters offered for the best remarks descriptive of the Fresh Air Fund, consisting of three words commencing with the letters F.A.F. respectively:

B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; W. Ewing, LL.D., College International, Anderlecht, Bruxelles; A. E. Halliday, 16 Darfield Ave., Harehills, Leeds; G. Jackson, 31 Francis St., W., Hull; J. Montgomery, 22 Roland Rd., Walthamstow; J. C. Morgan, Tornaveen, Torphins; W. Parsons, 127 High St., Beeston; T. C. Richardson, 37 St. John St., Oxford; W. S. Royston, Paddington, Warrington; F. Smith, Gt. Central Hotel, Carlisle.

"EYE" CONTEST.

IN this contest competitors had to compose sentences without using the letter "e" in any of the words. Ten cigarette-lighters have been forwarded to the following winners:

P. Baverstock, 219 Camberwell Rd.; A. Cowan, 165 Onslow Drive, Glasgow; W. J. Flatman, 41 Farnham Rd., Handsworth, B'ham; N. Gooddy, 13 Allan Rd., Urmston, Manchester; J. B. Hamilton, 18 Northland Drive, Scotstoun; F. Higginson, 52 Latebrook, Golden Hill, Stoke-on-Trent; J. A. Ingram, 46 Clyde St., Manchester; J. Montgomery, 22 Roland Rd., Walthamstow; H. G. Myers, 61 Rossall Rd., Leeds; W. Reid, Craigmore, Bexhill.

"POLE" CONTEST.

LADIES were asked: "Why is a telegraph-pole like a tea-party?" The following are the winners of the ten pairs of scissors offered for the best solutions:

Mrs. Cowan, 165 Onslow Drive, Glasgow; Miss Flynn, 78 Dalymount Ter., Phibsboro'; Mrs. N. Glover, 41 Crosswell's Rd., Birmingham; Miss M. Griffith, 8 Gorsebank Rd., Liverpool; Mrs. C. Harrington, Cranwell, Sleaford; Miss M. M. Hughes, 3 Bird St., Preston; Miss F. Smith, Gt. Central Hotel, Carlisle; Mrs. Solly, 21 Mortlock Grdns., Peckham; Miss V. Thomas, 88 Hampton Rd., Bristol; Miss R. Wood, 8 Gardner's Terr., Hessle.

Result of Headers No. 9.

[illegible] Headers No. 9 the amount available for distribution is [illegible]s. This allows a prize of £2 6s. 6d. to each of the ten [illegible]ers, whose attempts, together with their names and [illegible]resses, are as follows:

PRECEDENCE: *Pageant "Earl" Relishes.*
[illegible]OTT, 1 Stile Hall Parade, Chiswick.

SUBSTITUTE: *Badgered Shopman Urges.*
[illegible] M. COOPER, 147 High Street, Brentford Bridge.

MISSING: *Mother's Spectacles Invariably.*
[illegible] GERRARD, 1 West Street, Sutton.

HISTORIC: *Henry's Interesting Spouses.*
[illegible] ROBERTSON, Burton Lodge, Exmouth.

THANKS: *Amateur's Trombone Hidden.*
[illegible] H. M. BLOUNT, 1 Park Lane, Cheam.

ALIBI: *I Live Again.*
[illegible] ALLEN, 155 Praed Street, Paddington.

SUDDEN: *Sweetheart Describes "Usual."*
F. DRESNER, 5 Royal Hill, Greenwich.

PROUD: *"Oracle" Proved Right.*
MISS NEWTON, 52 Eden Street, Kingston-on-Thames.

DESPERATE: *Epicure Devours Saveloy.*
H. HATWOOD, The Mount, 5 King's Street, Acton.

BLACKMAIL: *Little Brothers Accumulate.*
MRS. REEVE, 11 The Plain, Wandsworth.

8 GIFTS OF £1 EACH.

A. Bryan, Backway, Haddenham; H. Chapman, 43 Loampit Vale, Lewisham; J. Cox, 263 King Street, Hammersmith; Miss J. Forrest, 3 London Road, Brentford; J. Gray, 11 Clyde Street, Edinburgh; Mrs. M. Gray, 42 High St., Teddington; E. Henderson, 34 London Road, Kingston, Surrey; A. Reeves, Kensington Infirmary, W.

Result of Coronation Contest No. 4.

THE pair of Coronation seats offered in Contest No. 4 [illegible]s been awarded to H. F. WALTON, 15 Union Street, [illegible]arnsley, who nominated J. K. Parker, 149 Doncaster [illegible]d, Barnsley. The winning attempt was taken from [illegible]umn 1 of page 790 of our issue dated May 11th, and [illegible]d as follows:

Two minds with but a single thought—
"Tickets, please."

We have again pleasure in awarding Coronation souvenir spoons as consolation gifts to the following ten competitors whose efforts came next in merit:

A. Burrage, Horseshoes Inn, Milton, Pewsey, Wilts; F. G. Clark, 26 Broomhill Rd., Aberdeen; Mrs. F. Hanshaw, May Cottage, Burroughs, Hendon; L. E. Horrocks, 196 Clarence St., Bolton; C. Jackson, 22 Ashville Terrace, Leeds; J. M. Jones, 8 Woodland Terrace, Troedyrhiw; C. W. Lazenby, 136 Havelock St., Preston; F. J. Rigby, 167 Gilmore Place, Edinburgh; A. Steinmark, 17 Elmwood St., Leeds; J. Turvey, 47 Stockwell Rd., Handsworth.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1911-12.		MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Whitsun Monday . June 5.	●	7 14 21 28	● 4 11 18 25	● 2 9 16 23 30	● 6 13 20 27	May 26 ... 8.57
Coronation Day June 22nd.	M	1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	" 27 ... 8.58
London Holiday . June 23rd.	T	2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	" 28 ... 8.59
Bank Holiday . August 7.	W	3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	" 29 ... 9.1
Christmas Day December 25.	T	4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24 31	" 30 ... 9.2
Boxing Day . December 26.	F	5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	" 31 ... 9.3
Good Friday . April 5.	S	6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	June 1 ... 9.4
Easter Monday . April 8.						

THE PRUDENTIAL

For a further exposure of the unreliability of "John Bull's" charges

SEE THIS WEEK'S

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On Sale Everywhere. Price One Penny.

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OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

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£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

504 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,
including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

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£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or him, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

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Signature .....

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Wood-Milne Heels are a real necessity for every man, woman, and child, and a genuine economy for all

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

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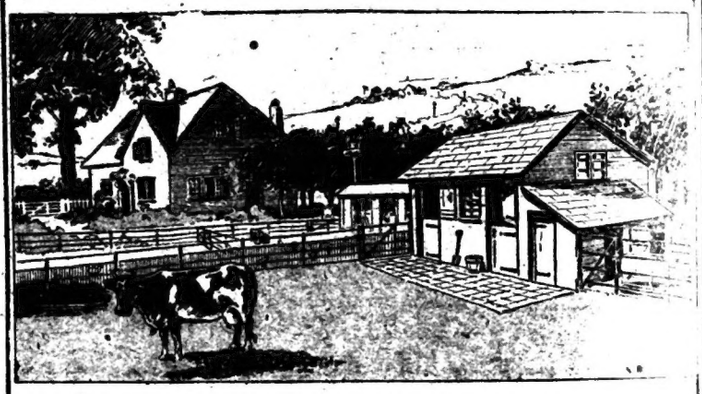

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